

Established Sept. 23, 1894.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays excepted.

Terms, \$4.00 a year, when paid in advance, 50 cents a month, 2 cents per copy, delivered in any part of the city or sent by mail.

Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.

Communications should be addressed to F. W. Hartford, Editor.

HERALD PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS.

Portsmouth, N. H.

Phone 37-2.

Entered at the Portsmouth, N. H., Postoffice as second class mail matter.

For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1906.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE PACKING HOUSE REPORT

Efforts to induce President Roosevelt to suppress the report of the Chicago packing house investigation were unavailing. Those who have followed the President's career never believed that he could be persuaded to do anything of the kind, but the publication of the report was nevertheless gratifying.

Not that the report itself was cause for gratification. Far from it, indeed, but it is pleasant to know that a man occupies the presidential chair who is not afraid to affront the great commercial interests. When publicity is demanded, he does not hide behind the alleged necessity for secrecy, which has so often been used as an excuse for keeping the people in ignorance of what they ought to know.

Beyond question, it was of the utmost importance that the public should be informed of conditions in Packingtown. The people who eat the meat which comes from Chicago certainly have the right to know how it is prepared for the market. If unsanitary conditions prevail in the packing houses, people generally will not care to have the meat served on their tables.

There are hints in the report made public this week of even worse things than those to which direct testimony is given. Affidavits were refused consideration, the investigators reporting only what they actually saw. Unquestionably, Mr. Roosevelt's strong message accompanying the report was justified.

Some papers fear that the publicity will result in great injury to our foreign meat trade. Very likely it will, but this cannot be helped. Conditions being what they are, neither Mr. Roosevelt nor the people can stop to consider that phase of the case. It is unfortunate that innocent packers may have to suffer with the guilty and that other cities will be injured as well as Chicago, but there is no way to prevent these things. All that can be done is insist upon an immediate and complete reformation in methods.

The packers have not replied to the charges made against them. They have attempted to do so, but they have explained nothing and practically denied nothing. Their reply was, in a sense, clever, but woefully weak. That such conditions exist is regrettable, but now that their existence has been proven there is nothing to do except face the situation and do all that we can to bring about reforms.

BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

The optimist sees green fields bloom
All through the winter time;
The poet does much better for
He puts them into rhyme.

The pure food people are having
their innings at the same time the
packers are having their troubles.

The odor of the stockyards is nothing,
it seems, to the odor of the room
where the slaughtered beef is kept.

A woman in Worcester was sent to

a reformatory for having two husbands. Whether or not it was the result of an appeal for protection we cannot say.

While Secretary Taft is buying Panama Canal supplies abroad, we don't see where there's any chance for him to criticize those people who don't do their trading at home.

Queen Victoria's salary as queen of Spain will be \$55,000, but you won't have to tell her. She probably figured that all out before she married his royal nothingness, Alfonso.

Just to think there is already a revolutionary party in Panama. Wonder if they are incensed by the slowness with which work is progressing on the big ditch? Or is it the extreme rapidity they dislike?

Forty-five women teachers in Kansas City are to resign to get married if a dispatch is to be believed, but somehow these dispatches with the Kansas City date line aren't quite so convincing as they might be.

If anyone tells you the marriage of the King and Queen of Spain was a bomb affair, you don't want to think the pun far fetched until you have looked up the pronunciation in the dictionary.

The anti-blue law agitation is on again. Time has already done much to relieve the situation in this respect. Not so many years ago all temporal affairs were suspended with the coming of Saturday, and delightful Catharine Maria Sedgwick recalled a vulgar saying in Connecticut that no beer was brewed the latter part of the week lest it presume to work on Sunday.

OUR EXCHANGES

The Wood Duck's Nest
Where, emerald gloomed, the regal lotuses lift

Their starry torches o'er the still lagoon

Heavy with incense of the Summer's noon.

Lighting the sedge whose gold-green shadows shift

With every wind, and ripple thro' the drift

Of purple-tinted brushwood, where the 'coon

Slips sidling by, and midday's spectre moon.

Wan as a mist, hangs in a leafy rift—

Hidden by vines that clamber o'er her nest

Within the root-mesh of a cypress tall.

The wood ducks' sirs, her duffy fleglings pressed

By lightest down—her handsome mate in oal

In splendid robes of iridescence dressed—

And, save wood's music, silence over all.

—Ingram Crockett in the June Field and Stream.

Well, isn't it
This sudden rise to publicity on the part of Portsmouth, Va., must seem like a gross and unwarrantable presumption to Portsmouth, N. H.—Chicago News.

Things Are Frequently Not What They Seem

"Potted chicken" now appears to have been nothing but spotted pig skin.—Concord Monitor.

Way Of The Transgressor Getting Harder

It costs a great deal to win back a lost reputation. Perhaps the Chicago packers will wish they had so conducted matters as not to lose theirs.—New York Mail.

Was The Crust Tough?

A feature of an athletic carnival on the Pennsylvania nautical schoolship Saratoga, was a pie eating contest. This is the first instance where it has seemed necessary to introduce contests to exercise the jaws.—Lewiston Journal.

And With No Life Preservers

Next to canoeing fatalities, in point of persistent frequency, come deaths from suicide in Wall street. In either case the trouble comes from getting into deep water without knowing how to swim.—Boston Herald.

Made A Discovery, Brother?

What great managers the coal barons are! They announce with a great flourish that the price of coal will go down fifty cents a ton April 1 or May 1 and then they will not sell any at the reduced price. A reduction in the price of an article does not do much good if you can't buy it at that price.—Newburyport News.

A touring car which had not before been seen in this part of New England ran down from Portsmouth, N. H., in two hours Wednesday morning. The car is a forty-horse power machine.—Portland Advertiser.

THE MAGAZINES

McClure's

There is as much important and entertaining reading in McClure's for June as one would expect to find in a volume let alone a single number of a magazine. The leading story is "Buried Treasure" by Stewart Edward White, which combines romance and reality most suggestively and which goes with a swing reminiscent of Stevenson. Ray Stannard Baker contributes the sixth of his series "The Railroads on Trial." Burton J. Hendrick continues the story of life-insurance, "Yellow Fever: A Problem Solved," by Samuel Hopkins Adams, is a most engrossing story of last Summer's Battle of New Orleans. Carl Schurz continues his "Reminiscences of a Long Life," with an account of Paris on the eve of the Second Empire. The second installment of the Kipling series is even more engrossing than the first. "On the Great Wall" is the story of how a British-born Roman took a hopeless task from his emperor and sacrificed his youth to its performance.

There is other excellent fiction in this remarkable number. The June number is remarkably illustrated by such artists as Andre Castaigne, Frederic Dorr Steele, P. V. E. Ivory, E. Dalton Stevens and George A. Shipley.

The Technical World

Are there living beings on the planet Mars?

That is the one great problem of astronomy in which mankind is most keenly interested and which scientists are now trying to solve.

Within the next twelve months Mars will be nearer the earth than it has been for fifteen years; and everywhere telescopes are being trained in the hope of discovering this great secret.

The two greatest authorities on the subject in America—perhaps in the world—are Prof. William H. Pickering of the astronomical observatory of Harvard University, and Prof. Percival Lowell, whose private observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, is largely given up to the study of Mars.

Prof. Lowell leads the important group of astronomers who hold that it is extremely probable—if not absolutely proved—that Mars is inhabited by highly civilized beings.

There is another group of astronomers holding an exactly opposite view.

Between these two groups stands Professor Pickering, perhaps inclining a little towards the probability that Mars is inhabited, but still open to conviction. In Technical World Magazine for July, Professor Pickering presents in a complete and authoritative way the arguments on both sides of the question, summing up practically everything that two hundred years of scientific observation of the planet Mars have revealed to mankind. The article is illustrated with some wonderful photographs of Mars and its canals and oceans.

NAVAL WEDDINGS

Forbes—Johnson

The marriage of Miss Henrietta Woodward Forbes and Lieut. Thomas Lee Johnson, U. S. N., occurred on Wednesday at 5 o'clock at the Connecticut, Washington. The bride was given away by her father, Gen. Forbes and attended by her sister, Mrs. Harrison A. Bispham. The best man was Lieut. Johnson's brother, Mr. Paul Brent Johnson of Leavenworth, Kan. The ceremony was followed by a small reception, and the Marine Band furnished the music. Lieut. Johnson is stationed on the Missouri.

Duffy—Reeves

Monday evening at St. Paul's Church, Washington, the marriage of Miss Joan Reeves, daughter of Commander I. S. K. Reeves, and Dr. Frank Jay Duffy of Bay Ridge, N. J., took place. Miss Cornelia McBlair of Norfolk was the maid of honor and Miss Lillian Duffy, Miss Florence Duffy, sisters of Dr. Duffy; Miss Pansy Wilson, Miss Julia Potter of Baltimore, Miss Hanna Taylor, Miss Frances Bishop and Miss Eleanor Calderon were the bridesmaids. Thomas Duffy was the best man and the ushers were Lieut. George Diman, U. S. N., Lieut. Alexander Mikell, U. S. M. C., Surgeon I. S. K. Reeves, U. S. N.

A reception followed at the home of Commander and Mrs. Reeves.

Porter—Van Ness

A wedding of more than usual interest because of the social prominence of both parties took place on June 2 at 4 o'clock at St. Anne's Protestant Episcopal Church, at Annapolis, the rector, the Rev. Joseph P. McComas, being the officiating clergyman. The bride was Miss Rosalie Porter, youngest daughter of Captain Theodore Porter, United

States navy, and granddaughter of Admiral Porter of historic naval fame. The groom was Mr. Carroll Van Ness of Baltimore.

The church was elaborately decorated with white peonies and potted palms, and the wedding ceremony was witnessed by a large and fashionable congregation, which taxed the capacity of the old historic church.

Over 2,000 invitations had been issued to friends and relatives in all parts of the country, and those present represented nearly every state in the Union, and included many navy people attached to the Naval Academy.

The bride entered with her father who gave her away. She was met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Dr. Eugene McEvers Van Ness of Baltimore, a brother of the groom. One of the ushers was Lieutenant Charles E. Courtney, U. S. N.

MARRIED WIDOW OF FORMER PORTSMOUTH MAYOR

Colonel Joseph B. Parsons, the well known state pension agent of Massachusetts, died Monday evening at 7.31 o'clock at the Colonial Inn, Winthrop.

He had been ill from pneumonia for about a week and was seventy-eight years old.

Colonel Parsons was married Oct. 26 of last year to Mrs. Laura Hodgdon of 23 Avalon road, West Roxbury, a close friend of his former wife.

Mrs. Hodgdon was a trained nurse, and her former husband was the Hon. George E. Hodgdon of Portsmouth, a former mayor and conspicuous lawyer here.

During the long illness of the first wife of Colonel Parsons, Mrs. Hodgdon nursed her, and it was her wish that her husband should marry Mrs. Hodgdon.

Colonel Parsons served in all the important engagements of the Army of the Potomac.

He was commissioned as captain of Company C, Tenth Massachusetts Regiment June 21, 1861; as lieutenant colonel, June 15, 1862 and as colonel in July, 1864.

He led the Tenth with distinction in some of the most sanguinary battles of the war, and brought it back to Massachusetts.

Besides being twice wounded, he had many arrow escapes. In 1875 he commanded the Second Massachusetts Regiment, militia.

"CANADIAN GEMS" FOR TOURISTS

"Canadian Gems" is the title of a handsome booklet, profusely illustrated, just issued by the Plant Line, describing the many Summer attractions of the Maritime Provinces. All the places of historic interest in these British possessions, the natural beauties, the invigorating climate, the fishing and shooting, as well as the hospitality extended by the people in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, are concisely set forth, while the numerous views reproduced from photographs supplement the text and pictorially present the enticing features of this ideal vacation land.

This booklet also describes the superior advantages of the ocean trips on the staunch and commodious steamships of the popular Plant Line—the only direct route between Boston and Halifax. Nova Scotia, Hawkesbury, Charlottetown, Sydney and Baddeck on the celebrated Bras d'Or lakes. "Canadian Gems" with colored maps, etc., will be sent to any address on receipt of two cent stamp by A. W. Perry, general manager Plant Line, Commercial wharf, Boston, or may be obtained at the city ticket office, 298 Washington street.

ALUMNI TEAM

Which Will Meet the High School Nine on Saturday

The P. H. S. alumni team, which will play the school team on Saturday, will be chosen from the following players:

Robert Harding, Wallace Garrett, Roland Hoyt, Augustus Dondoro, Charles Dondoro, Wayne Poole, John Page, William Page, Horace Rowe, Frank Newick, W. L. Brown, Jr., and George Smart.

PASSES THE SENATE

And Naval Appropriation Bill Now Goss to the House

The naval appropriation bill, bearing the increased appropriations for Portsmouth navy yard, has passed the national Senate.

Congressmen Sulloway and Currier will fight hard to induce the House to concur in the increased appropriations.

Those who are fearful of Nature's electrical demonstrations are afraid that there will be many this year.

WONDERLAND TRIUMPHS

One Hundred Thousand People Saw the Show on Memorial Day

As all roads seemed to lead to Wonderland, the new million-dollar pleasure park at Revere Beach, on Memorial day, so, doubtless, they will continue to lead all through the season. The 100,000 people who visited the resort on the holiday have by this time probably told several times 100,000 others of its splendid attractions, and, with propitious weather every day henceforth should witness a repetition of the rush to this, the biggest of American Summer amusement enterprises.

Of Wonderland's tremendous and instantaneous success there can be no doubt. Doubting Thomases were plenty enough during the long work of construction of this gorgeous amusement city, but now they are not to be found. Not only has Wonderland brought about a quick and very important change in the town of Revere, enhancing land values and making great financial returns in the form of taxes, but it has proved beyond peradventure that Greater Boston needs such a "safety valve" during warm weather.

Every one of the big shows at Wonderland is now working smoothly, including the Baby Incubators, the Descent to Hell Gate, the Whirl the Whirl, and Love's Journey.

Bewilderment is the first sensation of the visitor to Wonderland, for he is confronted with an embarrassment of riches in the amethyst Shoot the Chutes, the delightful Thompson Scenic Railway, the realistic Fighting the Flames, Ferrari's trained wild animal show, the educated horse, Princess Trixie, the Japanese village, Hale's tours, the Fatal Wedding, the Beautiful Orient, the Indian Village and Wild West Show.

Wonderland is reached from Boston by steam or rail for a five cent fare.

SOCIETY AWAILS CARDS

Society awaits with interest the wedding cards of Miss Eleanor Little and Talbot Aldrich, which will probably make their appearance within a few days, since the ceremony will be performed either in the last days of June or early in July. At last accounts the details had not been arranged, the bride's youth and prominence among the debutantes of the past season rendering a church wedding desirable, while Mr. Aldrich has a decided preference for a quiet wedding.

GIRLS OF NEARBY TOWNS ARE HONORED

At the commencement exercises of Boston University held on Wednesday the degree of A. B. was conferred on Gertrude R. Berry of Greenland and Laura M. Sanborn of Hampton Falls.

This is about like the weather Leavitt's almanac predicted for June but that publication was away off on its May predictions.

23

THAT'S OUR NUMBER.

When you call us on telephone you'll not get "Skidoo" or the "Hook," but

GRAY & PRIME

who will give prompt service and send you the best coal mined. Try it.

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Of Every Description.

Blank Books Made to Order

J. D. RANDALL

Over Pay's Store, Portsmouth, N. H.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON

Blacksmith and Expert Horse Shoer.

STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY
NO. 118 MARKET ST

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SUCH AS FOR SALE, WANTED, TO LET, LOST FOUND, ETC.

One Cent a Word.

For Each Insertion.

3 LINES ONE WEEK 40 CENTS.

WANTED—Competent dry goods salesman. Must be under 30 years of age. Good position for man of ambition and energy. Owen, Moore & Co., Portland, Me. ch35-3t

WANTED—A bright young man who can devote one or two days (or afternoons) a week to working grocery and other trade in Portsmouth and vicinity is desired to communicate with A. P. Preston, Bow Street. ch34-1w

WANTED—Men and boys to learn plumbing, plastering, bricklaying. Union cards guaranteed; free catalogue. Coyne Bros. Trade Schools New York, Chicago, St. Louis. m14

TO LET—House No. 100 on State street, house No. 33 Cabot street; also 8-room cottage, ten minutes from Foss' Beach, pleasantly situated. Apply to Benjamin F. Webster. hctf

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. ch31ft

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. ch31ft

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. ch31ft

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. ch31ft

ELECTRIC motor for sale. Inquire at this office. M9cht

CHEAP BUTTER

IS OLEO'S BEST FRIEND.

As long as people clamor for something cheap we shall have adulterated food.

We do not make cheap butter. We do make butter of extra good quality and deliver it while it has all its original flavor and aroma.

PURE CREAM IN ANY QUANTITY.

Philip Farms Creamery, ELIOT, ME.

H. W. NICKERSON

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Telephone at office and residence.

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Eastern and Western

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Shingles, Clapboards, Pickets Etc for Cash at Lowest Market Prices.

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BAGGAGE FREE

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Physician and Surgeon

84 STATE ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

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65 CONGRESS STREET.

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—AND—

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Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to.

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Handy to Theatres and in the Heart of the Business District.

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—STRICTLY FIREPROOF.

European Plan.

PRIVATE DINING ROOMS

THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES A SPECIALTY.

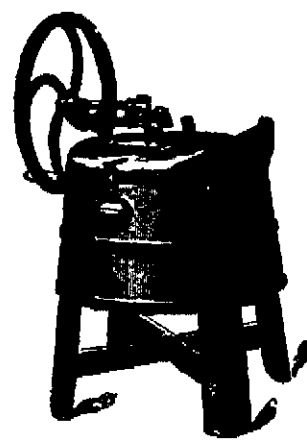
35 FIRES

Last week with a loss of over \$10,000 each.

Total \$2,751,000.

Don't Do Another Washing
Without

THE "EASY" WASHER



Even the Children like to run it.
It tubs and plunges the clothes.

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W. E. PAUL,
45 Market St.,

Granite State Fire Insurance Co.

Of Portsmouth, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital,
\$200,000

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BLACKSMITHING.

your horse is not going right
come and see us. We charge nothing
for examination and consultation.

If you want your carriages or carts
repaired, or new ones made, we will
give you the benefit of our 45 years
experience in this business without
expense.

Sign Hanging and General Job Work

Attended To.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

IRA C. SEYMOUR.

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If you are looking for low
prices

Buy Your

**Meats
Vegetables
Groceries**

AND

Flour

— AT —

WOODWARD'S

65 Pleasant Street

YANKEE NOTIONS

— AND —

Second Hand Goods of Every Descrip-
tion. Furniture bought and Sold

W. T. LUCAS

14 Penhallow Street

UNEEDA BISCUITS

CANDY ICE TONICS

SMOKING GOODS

COOK'S, At The Plains

YEARLY EXHIBIT

Of Portsmouth Kinder-
gartens Yesterday

GIVEN AT THE CABOT STREET
SCHOOL BUILDING

Able Instructresses in Charge of The
Children's Work

ABOUT 175 PUPILS INCLUDED AMONG THESE
MAKING EXHIBITS

The annual exhibition of the Ports-
mouth kindergartens work was giv-
en at the Cabot street school building
on Wednesday from three to six in
the afternoon and from seven to ten
in the evening.

There was a liberal and diversified
display executed in a highly credita-
ble manner, and reflecting quite as
much on the adaptability of the lit-
tle folks as on the tact of the teach-
er, and showing a wonderful improve-
ment during the past three years.

The able instructresses were Miss
Bertha A. Colburn, director of the
kindergarten, assisted by Miss Lucia
Young, both having classes in the
Cabot street building; Miss M. An-
na Rand and Miss Lucia Brown of
the Spalding branch; Miss Mary E.
Pennell, Miss Frances M. Trelick
(Miss Grace Seymour substituting for
her during her leave of absence) of
the Farragut branch; Miss Mabel N.
Luce and Miss Bertha L. Manock of
the Manning branch.

There are now about 175 pupils in
the kindergartens, nearly all of whom
made exhibits.

Included in the display was work
in clay on whatever the subject was
before the little one; a table showing
home work wherein the children fol-
lowed out the ideas of what they had
been taught at school; doll houses for
which the furniture was cut out,
peas work wherein the tots worked
out forms and original designs; build-
ing work in which is learned the use
of the hands, number and form; col-
or work being copies made by the in-
structors and their properly colored

by the pupil; mounted flowers; wear-
ings from original designs and which
was particularly fine, free hand work;
cutting, drawing, folding and pasting
and numerous other displays of beau-
tiful pattern.

Growing in boxes were beans, corn,
lettuce, potatoes and flowers, this al-
so being the delightful work of the
children.

All this was the work of tots not
over five years old the little workers
giving the most interested attention
to their parts.

The rooms were decorated with
bouquets of flowers and flowering
plants.

During the afternoon Miss Seymour
and Miss Manock gave piano selec-
tions.

In the evening Miss Manock pre-
sided at the piano, Miss Young sang,
and Miss Seymour gave piano selec-
tions, assisted by Arthur M. Doolit-
le.

The inclemency of the weather pre-
vented many from attending the
splendid exhibition, and its continua-
tion should be at least for a day lon-
ger.

ROBBED IN NEWBURYPORT

A Hampton Man Lost The Sum Of
Sixty Dollars

Warren Perkins of Hampton, went
to Newburyport a few days ago,
where he met some men, and together
they became quite jovial, indulg-
ing in the cup that inebriates as well
as cheers.

Perkins had about \$60 in his pocket
when he went to a room where he
was invited by one William Warr.
They both had a sleep and Perkins
slept the longer. When he awoke
Warr was gone and so was his money.

Perkins reported his loss to Officer
Hayes, who in less than an hour ar-
rested Warr at Hill's stable, and took
him to the police station. Warr was
searched and about \$20 was found
on his person. Officer Murphy then
searched Perkins and a \$10 note was
found in one of his pockets.

Warr said he must have taken the
money, although he did not remember
it. The police are now trying to find
out where the remainder of the mon-
ey went to.

BASEBALL SATURDAY

P. H. S. Nine To Close Season With
An Alumni Game

Contrary to all expectations, the
P. H. S. baseball team will have one
more game. This game is to be with
a strong team representing the alum-
ni, and will be played at The Plains
on Saturday afternoon.

Quinn will pitch, and a good fast
contest may be assured.

HOOD WAS THERE

And Will Face One of the Fast Men
Later

A party of local sports made an
automobile trip to South Berwick on
Tuesday evening, where they wit-
nessed the bouts before the South
Berwick Athletic Club. The Ports-
mouth people were pleased at the
main bout, but consider the remaind-
er of the program something in the
doubtful line.

At the same time those who were
there do not blame the management
in any way, as good money was spent
for the bouts and good men were ex-
pected to appear.

With the Portsmouth party was the
colored artist, Jesse Hood, New
Hampshire's 115 pound champion,
who does not know defeat.

Jesse says there was not much
steam to the outfit at South Berwick
and that he can make the whole
bunch travel faster. Anyhow, he
forced one of the managers to sign
articles for a meeting between Jesse
and one of the fast ones later on.

Jesse lost no time and can be seen
today with his trainer doing road
work, which will continue night and
day for a month.

Look out for Hood when he lets
loose.

SIGN OF SPRING

Now is the time to have your lawn
mower overhauled and put in first
class condition. Every mower is
ground by a practical mechanic on
an especially made machine, which
leaves no guess work nor standing
grass. All work will receive the
same careful attention it did last
year.

FRANK S. SEYMOUR,

AS A HERALD MAN SEES IT

If Barnum and Bailey's show
should strike this city just after we
have had one of the showers that
have been so frequent of late, the
chances are that it will be necessary
to give part of the show in the field
that has been selected on floats. No
grass will ever burn for want of the
required moisture on that play-
ground.

Jesse Hood made a hit at South
Berwick Tuesday night when he ap-
peared at the boxing bouts of the
athletic club of that town loaded for
any man in the outfit. Hood says
that the bunch of scrappers that ap-
peared that night are a lot of fireside
fighters, what might be called long
distance pugilists, and could not
make a living breaking glass.

Portsmouth certainly furnishes
her share of runaway kids, who start
out either with the idea that they
would like to be full fledged tramps
or from the effect of reading Dia-
mond Dick or the issues telling of
Nick Carter's fame. Their esca-
pades always end in expense to some
police department or trouble for
their fathers and mothers.

The gunboat Eagle is expected
soon at this navy yard for repairs.
The little craft is no stranger to this
naval port and with her lively crew
always adds much life and activity
to Portsmouth navy yard, where she
has passed most of her Summers
since she went into the service.

There is a young man at The Creek
who of late has been doing conside-
rable detective work, but up to now
his work has not been successful.
At his home he had nailed up a sign,
"Keep off the grass, no trespassing",
and during the night the sign was

removed and the following substi-
tuted: "Welcome, pigs for sale".
Well, perhaps there wasn't something
doing when he put his eyes on that
legend. He says that the book is
still waiting for someone in that
neighborhood.

The old handbub Franklin Pierce
arrived home Wednesday evening
and its admirers came out in great
strength to get a peep at the idol of
their hearts. Well, she's back; now
let's see what the vets can do with
her.

The veteran firemen have perfect-
ed all arrangements for their me-
morial service on Sunday and expect
nearly every man in the companies
to be in line.

The Postal Telegraph Company's
baseball team of Boston has been
looking for a date down this way
and, it is understood, would like to
play the Marines. The Postals
have been putting up a stiff game
and have been winning most of the
time since the team was organized.

We hear that the sports at the
Portsmouth Brewing Company's plant
are not putting up any bluff about
their garsman, but will, on the other
hand, furnish the necessary coin to
back him against the crack oarsman
of the Franklin Pierce Association.
The man at the brewery claims that
in his last race he was hoodwinked
and that no runny business will be
tolerated this time. The champion
of the Pierce Association has a re-
cord and up to now nobody has
touched it. He says that he can
make good any time he starts out,
but he won't row for fun. He wants
to see the stuff and then there will be
something doing with the oar.

OBITUARY

Miss Rosana Pease

The death occurred early this
(Thursday) morning of Miss Rosana
M. Pease at the old homestead at
Newfields of a complication of dis-
eases at the age of seventy-three
years.

She was a lady of most estimable
qualities and is survived by two sis-
ters, Mrs. Adelaide P. Conner of
this city and Miss Ruth Pease of
Newfields, with whom she resided,
and two brothers, George W. and
Lucius of that town. She was an
aunt of Rev. Ralph E. Conner, pas-
tor of the Universalist Church at
North Attleboro, Mass.

Miss Pease, who had a large circle
of devotedly attached friends passed
Christmas-tide in this city with her
sister, Mrs. Conner, and soon after
her return home was prostrated by
pneumonia and gradually sank.

She was one who will be greatly
missed.

AT THE NAVY YARD

George O. Wilson, Alvah Frost,
Austin Trefethen and Fred Rider
left for Friendship, Me., on Wednes-
day from which place they will
bring back a thirty-horse power boat
for pleasure purposes, though they
may occasionally get into a little
race. The feature of the new craft
is the Busy Izzy engine, which will
furnish the motive power.

The Defender, a monthly paper in
magazine form, has been issued on
board the U. S. S. Kearsarge. The
Defender is a neat and clean publica-
tion, devoted to matters on that ship
and also contains communications
from Chaplain C. H. Dickens on var-
ious matters, all for the good of his
men and his ship. The editor is W.
D. McMullen, who certainly deserves
much credit for his work and the
good his little monthly publication will
do on the best of Uncle Sam's battle-
ships, the Kearsarge.

The new drainage system recently
arranged at the yard has proved
through the recent heavy rains to be
just what was needed.

The four boilers of the U. S. S.
Topeka will be removed as soon as
the ship goes into the dry dock.

Ceylon's Pearl Fisheries.
During the season of 1905, which lasted
48 days, there were 300 boats employed
in the pearl fishing industry of Ceylon,
from which the government derived
\$767,000.

One Thing and Another.

"I saw the doctor go into your house
this morning, Quiverfull. Anything
happened?"
"Two things have happened, blame
the luck."—Cleveland Leader.

England's Longest Pier.
Minster-on-Sea, Isle of Sheppey, is
to have the distinction of possessing the
longest pier in England. It will be 7,000
feet in length.

BETEL NUT CROP FAILURE.

This, We Are Told, Means Distress
to One-Fifth of the Hu-
man Race.

Distress of a sort not readily ap-
preciated by persons living outside of
Asia has been caused by a scarcity
of betel nuts. It is only comparable,
to an American mind, to a sudden
doubling and tripling of the price of
tobacco, and even that does not tell
the story.

One-fifth of the human race chews
betel. It is a universal habit in In-
dia. Men, women and children use
this nut. It is not so much a luxury
as a necessity of life.

Its use is linked with the cere-
mony of ordinary politeness. When
two persons meet, after the first
greetings, one offers his betel box.
For him to neglect this show of
courtesy would be rudeness; for the
other to refuse would be an insult.

Betel chewing is not as many be-
lieve an injurious habit. On the con-
trary, the drug has positive virtues;
it benefits the digestion, regulates
the kidneys and preserves the teeth,
even though it discolors them.

The culture of the areca palm, on
which the betel nut grows, is a vast
and profitable industry. In ordinary
times 12,000 nuts sell for less than \$5.
Yet an acre of trees in bearing pro-
duces a return of \$100 a year.

India, besides her own immense
production, imports yearly more than
30,000,000 pounds of the nuts.

"WHALE" OF AN ORE SHIP.

Immense Lake Steamer That Car-
ries 12,500 Tons of Iron at
a Load.

Two years ago a Duluth company
built the immense ore steamer, Augus-
tus B. Wolvin, carrying 12,500 tons
and having 32 hatches. For swift
loading and unloading this remarkable
vessel has never been equaled, writes
Herbert N. Casson, in Munsey's. Its
records are incredible in Europe and
startling to the steamboat men of the
United States. For instance, a load
of 10,245 tons of ore was placed on
board her in 90 minutes, and unloaded
to the last pound in four and a half
hours. Forty years ago a load of 500
tons was put aboard by a crowd of men
with shovels and wheelbarrows in not
less than three days. To-day the Wol-
vin takes on 500 tons in five minutes
and unloads it in 15.

The Wolvin has set a new standard
for ore ships to which the United
States Steel corporation has been
obliged to conform. Last year, feel-
ing that its ore fleet was dwarfed by
this great independent vessel, the
steel trust launched four new boats,
each nine feet longer than the Wolvin,
and built on similar lines. These gi-
gantic boats represent an outlay of
\$1,700,000 apiece, and will carry 300,
000 tons of ore down the lakes in a
single season—enough to keep an old-
time furnace busy for 400 years.

Peter Bird Chief, a Comanche Indian,
living near Clinton, has been very suc-
cessful in farming this year, says the
Kansas City Journal. He has already
gathered and marketed more than 500
bushels of corn and has more to place on
the market. There are a number of the
Comanches trying to follow the white
farmer's footsteps, and many of the cot-
ton fields were dotted with redskins this
fall.

As the tea kettle was the
beginning of the steam engine,
so the ordinary soda cracker
was merely the first step in the
development of the perfect
world food Uneeda Biscuit.

A food that gives to the
worker more energy of mind
and muscle—that gives to the
child the sustenance upon
which to grow robust—that
gives to the invalid the nour-
ishment on which to regain
the vigor of good health.

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moisture proof package.

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Golden Crown	75c	
Monogram	75c	
Woodford County	\$1.00	
Monongahela	1.00	
Red and White	1.00	
Hunter	1.25	
Wilson	1.25	

Brandies, Wines, Etc.

Imported French Brandy	Qt.	\$1.25
Caldwell's Newburyport Rum	50c	
Sherry Wine	25c	
Port	25c	
Booths Old Tom Gin	\$1.00	

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**The Politician's
Namesake**

By **ARTHUR HENDRICK VANDENBERG**

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles)

There comes a time in the career of every autocrat when his power wanes and his supremacy crumbles in defeat. The career of Dan Crimmins, Boss, was no exception.

The politicians said that Dan carried the Fifth ward in his vest pocket. The politicians said that Dan asked an exorbitant price for the Fifth ward, but they were always on the anxious seat until arrangements were completed for Dan's influence. Many a time the knowing ones had tried to win in the Fifth without the Boss. Their measures proved to engender a strange and fatal unpopularity among the people.

The politicians were sure to carry the city if Dan was with them, because Dan swung the Fifth ward, and the Fifth decided the result. They were equally sure to lose if Dan was against them.

The politicians said Dan was dishonest. "I'm straight as a string," answered the Boss. "When I'm bought, I stay bought. Honesty is the best policy—sometimes. It's more satisfactory to beat a man at his own game, and in politics that don't mean honesty. I never dickered with the tally sheets yet, and I never intend to—not while I live to look my son in the face."

Dan met his Waterloo in the Clay-Sullivan mayoralty contest. Sullivan was notoriously crooked. Clay was as notoriously straight. Sullivan had served one term as mayor, and had narrowly escaped indictment by the grand jury on charges of bribery and conspiracy growing out of a water scandal. Now he was out for another term, "for vindication," as he called it. Clay was a fusion candidate, and carried several wards solidly at his back.

Dan acted with unusual care in taking sides in the contest, because his son had returned and was associated with him. The politician's namesake was his only son, and the boy was the pride of his father's heart. Dan would have bartered every cent of his somewhat shady gains before he would have allowed the boy to ramhorn the inside story of his political career. Inscrutable destiny made him give up his supremacy in the Fifth ward to maintain the respect of his namesake.

Some one asked him whether the boy inherited his father's political genius.

"Dan's never going to put his finger in the game, gentlemen," replied the Boss, earnestly. "He's too honest. I can't even control his vote myself. No, sire, the boy's going to grow up as another ward besides the Fifth."

Sullivan called on Crimmins the day after he landed the nomination. He came on business, and little time was wasted over preliminaries. Dan knew Sullivan would be sorely pressed without the Fifth, so the price was up.

"My dear alderman," said the nominee, with a great affectation of dignity, "now doubtless you know that I have been nominated for mayor on the strength of my recent very able administration and that I am going before the people to ask for another term. I—ah—shall—ah—ahem, want my good Fifth ward friends to be with me again, Mr. Crimmins, and as—ah—a token of my—ah—esteem—yes, let us call it esteem—I am of course, ready and anxious to do anything that is right." He took a long black wallet from his pocket and gently tapped the palm of his hand.

"Well?" returned Dan, gazing at the patterns in the wall paper with a bored and uninterested expression.

"No—ah—what should you say—ah—to—ah—well—ah—I want you to distinctly understand, Mr. Crimmins, that I do not countenance vote buying."

Dan nodded his head, as a broad, sarcastic smile played about his large, good-natured mouth.

"Well—ah—would—ah—ahem, \$3,000 secure the ward, Mr. Crimmins?" Sullivan nervously opened and shut the wallet, playing with the visible ends of the bank notes. Crimmins slowly blew a great ring of smoke into the air.

"My dear Mayor Sullivan," he said, leaning over on his desk and talking directly into the face of his aspiring caller, "you can't be elected in this city without a good, clean majority in the Fifth ward. I don't want that a fact?" Sullivan nervously bent the fingers of his right hand against the knuckles of his left. "The people know you bought the upper chamber and railroaded through the water franchise. They know you are, right now, on the pay rolls of three big corporations doing business with the city. And, furthermore, I know it. And, better still, you know it. Now, if I am to swallow all this I've got to make peace with my conscience, and it can't be done for any \$3,000. I've got too good a conscience. But business is business. Those four precincts in the Fifth ward are worth \$1,500 apiece, and my personal services in the present instance inventory at \$1,500 more. The mayor's salary is worth just \$2,000 a year to you, my dear Mr. Sullivan. The mayor's job is worth \$50,000 more, thanks to your very judicious business management. The price of the Fifth ward is \$6,000, Mr. Sullivan. It's cheap to you at double that figure."

Sullivan was about to demur, and was putting his wallet back in his pocket.

"As a matter of fact," Dan carelessly suggested, "I presume that the

ward is more valuable to Clay than it is to you, anyway, and I guess—"

"Oh the price present. I should say—is quite satisfactory," Sullivan hastened to interpose. "And as to terms?"

"Cash in advance. It'll cost me just as much if we lose the ward as if we carry it, because I'll do my best anyway. Cash in advance, my dear Mr. Sullivan."

The nominee weighed his wallet in his right hand and went through a mental calculation. Then he returned the roll of bills to his pocket and, reaching for a pen, drew a check with a flourish.

Clay, the opposing candidate, was in the office within 24 hours. He found some difficulty in broaching the subject of his visit, and nervously polished the nap of his silk hat upon the sleeve of his coat as he waited for Dan to receive him.

He went away somewhat dazed. He told his incredulous advisers that Crimmins had been deeply shocked at the suggestion of money, and that he thought he might have secured his support if he had not tacked on the substantial consideration.

Then began the battle royal. Sullivan was completely lost sight of. The question really at stake was simply the problem of whether Crimmins owned the Fifth ward. Clay went in with an open and avowed determination to clean up Dan once and for all. And for the first time in his career Dan was actually nervous.

For a week before election day the Fifth ward enjoyed one prolonged holiday. Everybody celebrated, while Clay and Crimmins were footling the bills. Votes were at a premium, and the voters knew it.

Then came the finish. As chairman of the ward committee, Dan had named the election inspectors and, contrary to his usual custom, he placed himself at the head of the list. "It's best to be on the inside," he said, when Sullivan questioned the advisability of his action. "Can't tell how many votes you may need 'bout midnight, when the count is on."

The count promised to be tedious because the task was a mammoth one, but Dan and his inspectors drew it out at a slow rate. One by one the hangers-on tired of watching the routine and left the polls. Vote after vote showed the tell-tale cross over the Clay ticket, and the outlook was ominous for Sullivan. Dan was nervous, and in an undertone admonished the inspectors to drag the count out. Clay stayed in the Fifth with Dan and the inspectors till midnight, when he seemed to have a majority of 100, with three-fourths of the vote counted.

"Well, I guess I've got the job," he shouted at Dan as he left the polls.

Dan was unusually sober. He chewed the ends of his mustache in a deeply meditative mood as the inspectors called off the votes against his man. Sullivan was furious. He peered up and down in front of the temporary wooden railing like a caged animal.

"If I lose this ward I'm a goner, sure," he cried. "What d'you souse I paid you \$6,000 for! Jest to sprinkle 'round 'mong your friends? I ain't dealin' in any such business."

At the inspector's table, where he was assisting in the canvass, young Dan raised his head in surprise at the mention of the price which Sullivan had so openly suggested in connection with his father.

He threw down the stubby pencil with which he was registering the tally, and, thrusting his hands deep in his trousers' pocket, he strode over to Sullivan.

"If you've got any more to say about that \$6,000," he said, slowly, throwing the words squarely into the face of the nominee, "just come outside and say 'em to me. I ain't used to hearin' th' governor mentioned in any such language, an' I don't propose to start any innovations this campaign."

At midnight the count was finished. The Fifth had turned a small majority for Clay. The inspectors drew back from the long tables in evident relief as the tally sheets were signed. Dan took a long preliminary whirl with the pen as he started to sign the report which officially turned the ward against him for the first time, and irretrievably ended his regime as Boss. The thought occurred to him of the ease with which the result might be changed and the many times it had been accomplished. Then he caught young Dan's eye, and, quickly dipping the pen in the spacious ink well, scrawled off his name at the foot of the register.

Just as the lights were being turned out Sullivan rushed into the place. "I need just three votes," he cried, in frenzied excitement. "Cinch, ain't it? We kin fix that without stretchin' our consciences more'n we kin sleep off over night. All th' wards are in but this un, an' I ran all th' way from th' city hall to hit off th' tip to you. I knew you was bound to win that \$6,000 somehow or other, and I didn't want it doctored any more'n necessary. Been bad, wouldn't it for you to have been turned down? All that's required is a few scratches of th' pen. Not even as many as it took last time." Thus he rambled on as he took out his knife to reopen the ballot box.

"Well, I did my best by you, Mr. Sullivan," said Dan. "Course I'm sorry we had to lose, but we can console ourselves that we ran a square deal for once. But me and my son can't help you any further to-night."

Sullivan looked dazed as Crimmins started for the door without offering to break the official seal.

"There's somethin' on th' table for you," Dan called back to the nominee, pointing to the practically deserted table, upon which fluttered a lone slip of paper. It was the check for \$6,000.

**The Balm for All
Confusions**

By **LEW VANCE POOL**

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles)

In the far New Hampshire hill country stands a lone farmhouse which has weathered more than a century.

The age of the owner, though, was not so well concealed as that of his house; for every one of his 80 years had set its mark upon him in passing. Still his back and shoulders were as straight as those of a boy, and there was neither halt nor falter in his steps.

As she met him at the door, on a certain August noon, his wife glanced half-timidly through the bell-shaped maples toward the highway.

"Yes," he said, "it's pretty near time the boy bring her. I heard the cars more'n half an hour ago. It's awfully funny, though, how skeered you be o' Kit! You'll like her on sight. Everybody does. Shucks! You oughter know how many o' them air fellers down in New York wanted to marry 'er. Twant no use. She's all farm. Never'll wear her from that. Can't make nothin' but a farmer's wife out o' her. Y-es, in course you'll like her."

As if overcome by a sense of her own ridiculousness she for a moment laughed lightly, in partial union with his heartier mirth, then said, gravely: "But, you must remember, I am your second wife, and not her mother. That makes a difference."

Just then there came the sound of wheels, the barking of dogs, and a shuffle of swift feet across the kitchen floor. By the time Mrs. White's eyes were clear her husband and a tall and beautiful girl were clasping each other closely, half-laughing and half-crying, alternating little choky shouts of "Daddy!" and "Kit!" and punctuating the brief intervening silences with resounding kisses.

Mrs. White's heart beat tumultuously as she and the girl first faced each other. In the single second of silence which followed a mutual chord of tender sympathy was struck between them; their hands met, and then their lips.

"You are my new mother," said the one.

"Yes, dear," answered the other.

The old man, satisfied, went smilingly out to his work.

His wife and daughter were chatting cordially when he returned indoors, and it seemed to him that the immediate meal was the best he had ever tasted.

That afternoon he and Kitty visited every spot for which she had cared in former years.

From her earliest infancy the farm had been to her as one of the gardens of Paradise, ministering to her every need, and furnishing her endless amusement. Whenever there had been lulls in the outdoor work, her fancy had feasted on the tales of social and adventurous life, with which the book shelves of the neighborhood abounded.

So it had ever been, up to her fifteenth year, when she had reluctantly gone to a distant seminary; but neither that nor four years' activity in a New York publishing house, dimmed any of the northern luster.

At 22, her employers sent her abroad for a year.

Scarcely had she landed in France when the news came that her mother had suddenly died. Though a long-expected sorrow, this prostrated her for a time, but the speedy outcome of it was to make doubly precious to her the farm and its associations.

On the way to bed that night she passed through the parlor, whose precincts formerly had been so sacred that she had only gone there with hushed breath and lightest tread. Now it was all so mean and cheap—the poor, worn-out carpet, the stained pine table and the flag-seated chairs.

Unable to understand it, throughout the night she was torn and shaken with the agony of despair, only falling asleep just before dawn.

Not long after her return to New York Kitty began to fear that there was much to which she could never again be indifferent. Even some of her father's habits distressed her. He ate with great gusto, dividing his food about equally between his mouth, the tablecloth and the floor, and the supremacy of his knife as a lifting force was far from being his sole defiance of eating. The list would have been such a long one she dared not allow herself to make it.

These daily ruminations, the magnitude of which ever increased, always ended in tears—she was so ashamed of such disloyalty to the being she loved best; but before she had time to fret herself into a still more serious illness there fortunately came another interest into her life, at once the newest and the oldest in the world.

Almost from early childhood she had cherished an ideal as to what the one man most desirable to her must be like; now her affections were set upon one who had little in common with her dream, though she realized that he was far better suited to her.

Early autumn brought a letter announcing the illness of her father, which at once routed all memories of his imperfections and fully restored her appreciation of his virtues.

Daily reports came to Kitty from her stepmother, which gradually became more and more unfavorable. The girl was disturbed, but not alarmed. He was old, but he also was very strong. In a few days he would re-

cover. She dared not go home unless his condition became serious, fearing to upset the partial equilibrium she had regained.

One day they brought her a telegram which said: "He is falling fast. Come at once."

Completely overwhelmed, she started on the first north-bound train, her sole aim in life now being to tell her father everything and beg his forgiveness while there still was time.

When she reached his bedside he was heedless of all outcries of endearment.

"Oh, make him speak to me—just once!" was her useless entreaty, many times repeated.

In a multitude of ways she had been disappointing him all her life, cheating him out of the comfort in her to which he had been entitled, and now her last act in his lifetime had been to cheat and disappoint him again.

Limp and senseless she settled down—a pitiful little heap—upon the floor.

A week following her return to New York Kitty received the proposal of marriage which she had known was inevitable—he could not hold his peace while she was in such bereavement, because he wanted to shelter her within the sympathy a man gives to the woman he loves.

"I have outlived my right to love and sympathy," she said, when he paused for his answer; then she told him everything. "I am a farmer's daughter," she added, finally, "and I had no right to wish to be anything else. Once my father was the one man in the world to me—his judgment my sole standard of good, his ways my only models for right conduct; and, so proud was I of being a country girl, that no superficiality of town life could win me. It was the same, for a time, after I went abroad. At length I found my standards wavering and began to be troubled. Hurtful and haunting comparisons made me wish to fly back to the beloved farm, where I could set myself straight. But they kept me away so long that the poison crept into me more deeply than I knew. It was not till I was again in the midst of all I had a right to cherish that I saw how base a thing I had grown to be. My old gods were slain and I could no longer bear to stand where they had been. You will understand me, now, when I say that there is no longer any place for me in the economy of Nature. I have shut to myself every door of happiness through which other mortals have a right to pass. I can be no man's wife."

Before he could put out a restraining hand she left the room; and when, alarmed, they looked for her, she had also left the house.

The next evening she once more sought entrance at the old New Hampshire doorway; but the gentle stepmother was away in pursuit of needed rest and the house was closed and silent.

Forcing an entrance through an unsecured window, Kitty was glad to be alone. She could better fight her battle by herself.

The next day was a stormy one of wind and snow, but she spent the whole of it going again and again, with all the old love and longings, to every spot connected with her childhood. The old peace was again stealing over her; perhaps it would fully return if she went to her father's grave.

Before she was half way there the day of foolish exposure began to tell upon her strength. The last confused sound which reached her ears was the screech of a steam whistle above the roar of the storm. It was the same train which the night before had brought her from New York.

Half an hour later a horse which came along through the darkness refused to pass a drift in the road. The two men who got out of the sleigh to investigate, found Kitty lying across their way.

When next she opened her eyes they rested upon many persons whom she knew. The one she knew best of all stooped and kissed her.

"How did you find me?" she asked, feebly.

"It was easy to guess where you had gone, after what you told me when we last met."

Perceiving that they were not needed, everyone then left the room but the anxious stepmother and he who was most concerned.

"It was useless to come," protested Kitty; "I dare not listen to you."

"You are too uncompromisingly scrupulous," he said, "and it has caused you to misunderstand everything. The twin laws of growth and change attack and distract everybody; they are the supreme tragedies in the universe; but since you cannot alter them, you must not let them dismay you. Take life as it is, and remember that it is almost impossible to do anything, honest or otherwise, which does not invade some person's rights, or make some bell or another jingle out of tune. For instance, that which you now believe to be your duty would only fill you with new remorse; I mean, you would soon upbraid yourself for denying me my sole chance of happiness in this world. The investigation of ethics of selfishness hadn't taken you quite so far as that, had it, my poor, puzzled darling?"

The pallor on her cheeks increased for an instant; then she smiled—for the first time in many a weary day.

Another confusion—nearly another sin—entirely another point of view! she faltered. "Is there nothing anywhere but the point of view?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, as she hid her face on his shoulder to obscure the dawning of a new light; "there is something very much better; there is love—the balm for all confusions and for every point of view."

ELECTRICITY ON RAILWAYS.

Enormous Growth of the System—Fast Encroaching on Steam Traction.

It is now 18 years since an electric motor propelled the first street car through the streets of Richmond, Va. As time passed this motor became the propelling force of the suburban lines, then of the interurban and recently there have been many electric roads constructed to parallel the steam lines. The more general use of this motor is due to the fact that the old 15-horsepower motor has been superseded by motors having from 400 to 500 horsepower.

The enormous growth of the electric railways, therefore, has led many steam railroads to utilize the latest system and practically every trunk line railroad company has already begun the installation of electricity on its lines, or is making preparations to do so in the immediate future.

Of the largest steam systems it is noteworthy that the New York Central railroad is equipping its main line with an electric system to run trains from the Grand Central depot in New York city up into the state of New York as far as Albany. At a recent meeting of the directors it was decided to issue millions of additional stock to be used in extending their lines in New York by electric roads.

The Pennsylvania railroad has operated electric trains for some time on its Long Island division, and this work is being extended constantly. This company is said to have recently made another contract for the electrical equipment of its line from Philadelphia to Atlantic City.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford contracted recently for 30 electric locomotives to be installed on its line between New York city and Stamford, Conn.

The Erie, Grand Trunk, Illinois Central and other roads are also making preparations for the introduction of electricity, and the electric locomotive may be said to have become a great propelling agent for railroad trains.

The progress made in the propulsion of cars by electricity is certainly remarkable and fulfills the predictions of the electricians made a dozen years ago that this system would be adopted ultimately in whole or in part by the steam roads. The managers of the steam roads naturally have been conservative and have watched carefully the development of the electrical system. When the largest railroad systems in the country, however, which have been furnishing the finest and speediest trains ever run in this country, begin to substitute electricity for steam as a motive power, it is evident that no such radical step has been taken without the closest investigation and with a view to the best business management.

The electric system is being brought forward, therefore, to bring about faster travel. The steam roads with their accustomed enterprise, do not hesitate, but are willing to try anything that will suit the great throng of travelers. Hence about \$500,000,000 has been appropriated by various railroad companies in the United States to be used in the purchase of electrical machinery.

SHOT EAGLES FROM TRAIN

Baggageman on Western Road Displayed His Handiness with a Gun.

When the Missouri Pacific passenger train was speeding on its way westward one day lately, says the Stanford (Kan.) Republican, Tom Kinney, a baggageman, saw an eagle perched on the cross arm of a telegraph pole some distance east of Kingman and made the remark to himself: "I'll get that fellow this evening." He informed the train crew of the prospect ahead, and the engineer and fireman agreed to be on the lookout on the return trip in the evening, and if it should prove that the Mr. Eagle in question was still there a little of the air pressure would be applied and the train brought down to about 15 miles an hour, so as to give Tom the tip of the bird's presence as well as a fairly good chance to see what he could do with a rifle.

When the train arrived near the place mentioned in the evening, not only the eagle of the morning was in sight but its mate had also come and taken up a position at the other end of the telegraph pole cross bar. Tom was given the tip by the steam being applied and he made ready for action. The boys say that when Tom fired the two shots it sounded almost like one, so quick did they follow in succession, and the result was that both birds descended to mother earth, each pierced by a bullet. They were taken on board the train and Tom was the hero of the hour. And a feat in shooting of this kind is certainly worth mentioning.

The writer saw the two victims of Tom's deadly aim in the baggage car the next day and they were fine specimens of the species known as "golden," and the largest measured ten feet from tip to tip of the wings. Tom is going to have them mounted and keep them as souvenirs of his prowess.

Knowledge.

Commute spoke proudly.

"So excellent is the train service to Commuteville," he said, "that I actually go home to lunch, thus making daily six nine-mile trips."

"Six trips a day," said Bach. "I suppose, then, you know the country between the city and Commuteville pretty thoroughly."

"Know it?" cried Commute. "Why, hang it, I can repeat every advertisement along the way by heart."

Orange Trees to Acre.

On orange plantations the trees are usually planted 75 to the acre.

DON'T TROUBLE RAILROAD.

Likes Woolly West, Escapes from Car and Avoids Capture for Long Time.

One bow-legged pup, with a lengthy pedigree and an adventurous spirit, has been the cause of more gray hairs to the baggage men, telegraph operators and station masters of the Union Pacific during the last three weeks than have ever been caused by their reflections upon past sins. The animal in question is a \$1,000 prize Boston terrier, owned by Lynn Sutton of Seattle.

Some three weeks ago he was placed in charge of Bob Schmalling, train baggage master, and started on his way to the coast. Being from Boston, Miss Barkles was intensely interested in everything which smacked of the wild and woolly west, and when the train stopped at Cheyenne he survived the town through the door of the car with every expression of animated pleasure. "How refreshingly picturesque," said he to himself. "There is nothing in Schopenhauer at all like it. Were it not for these irksome bonds I really believe a tour of exploration would be productive of both pleasure and profit."

Thus cogitating, he hastily chewed at the rope which bound him until it separated and gave him his liberty, whereupon he eluded the baggage man and joyfully departed to make his acquaintance with the life of the frontier. That started the trouble and the wires have been hot ever since.

"Buildog billed to Seattle got loose at Cheyenne," wired Schmalling to Denver.

"Catch bulldog billed to Seattle," wired the local agent to the station master at Cheyenne.

"Bulldog billed to Seattle declines to be caught," was the reply.

"Where is my bulldog that was shipped from Denver four days ago?" wired Mr. Sutton from Seattle to his friend, George A. Dy, local passenger agent of the Union Pacific.

"Bulldog liked Cheyenne and got off there. Will try to convince him Seattle is a better town. Have patience," replied Mr. A. Dy.

At intervals the station master at Cheyenne reported by wire: "Have caught bulldog," only to follow it a few hours later with "Bulldog chewed his rope and got away again," until the local baggage agent began to lose weight and talk in his sleep.

Finally, in an unwary moment, the cause of all the trouble, allowed himself to be captured, fastened with a heavy piece of telephone wire and shipped back to Denver. Here he arrived and was rebuffed through to his master, dirty, thin and tired, but still enthusiastic over the west.

FREE COFFEE FOR THE MEN

Railway Employees of Baden Served with Hot Drink by the Companies.

During the last summer and winter the officials of the Baden railroads inaugurated the practice of serving hot coffee to their employees at the expense of the management of the railroads or at the expense of the government. The experiment has been attended with gratifying results. The consumption of alcoholic drinks has materially decreased as a result of the practice and the efficiency of the workmen has increased. It has been observed that the employees have performed their various duties more cheerfully and have been more faithful in the discharge of the same.

This has been especially noticeable among the workmen in the various freight departments. The powers of endurance notably increased. There were also fewer accidents to the employees, as they had better command of their faculties. In consequence of the beneficial results from the experiment the railroad officials have decided to serve hot nonalcoholic drinks to the employees on all the Baden railroads during the present winter.

The practice of serving hot coffee, tea and meat broth to the employees on the Prussian railroads has been in practice for some time in the freight department, especially where the men are obliged to make long runs. On some lines hot and cold drinks are sold to employees at the reasonable price of two pennings (one-half cent) per portion of coffee or tea or for a bottle of mineral water. On some of the lines in Germany the employees have been forbidden to take any alcoholic drinks while on duty.

In consequence of the increased number of English and French speaking tourists the railway employees in Bavaria, such as station masters, ticket collectors, guards and porters, are obliged to learn English and French in order to facilitate travel during the tourist season. Scholarships are to be given to those who make the most progress and the successful student will be sent at the expense of the railway management for a holiday in England to complete his studies.

Sheriff or Tramp.

The town of Newport, Me., was at one time the proud possessor of a county sheriff who was dead on tramp. This man, whose name was George Cole, had the reputation of being the slackest for miles around in regard to dress. One night, having heard that there were tramps about the railway station, Cole gathered up a few men and went to investigate. A freight car door was opened and Cole entered. He struck a match and discovered that the car contained about a dozen "weary ones." As he stood there holding the match a sleepy-eyed wanderer blinked up at him and remarked: "You'll have to go into the next car, pard; we're all full here."—Boston Herald.

Boston & Maine R.R.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT
In Effect June 4, 1906

EASTERN DIVISION

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—7.30, 8.15, 9.30, 10.45, 11.55 a. m., 1.58, 2.21, 3.40, 5.00, 7.28 p. m., Sunday 2.20, 5.16, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.	For Portland—7.35, 9.55, 10.45, 11.25 a. m., 2.55, 5.22, 8.50, 11.25 p. m., Sunday 8.30, 10.45 a. m., 8.50, 11.35 p. m.	For Wells Beach—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m., Sunday 8.30 a. m.	For Old Orchard—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, 5.22 p. m., Sunday 8.30 a. m.	For North Conway—10.00 a. m., 2.55 p. m.	For Somersworth—7.45, 9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.48, 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.	For Rochester—7.35, 9.45, 10.00 a. m., 2.48, 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.	For Dover—7.50, 7.55, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.38, 5.22, 8.52 p. m., Sunday 8.30, 9.30, 10.45 a. m., 1.25, 5.00, 8.52 p. m.	For North Hampton and Hampton—6.30, 7.30, 7.55, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 1.58, 2.21, 5.00 p. m., Sunday 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.	For Greenland—7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 5.00 p. m., Sunday 8.00 a. m., 5.00, 6.55 p. m.
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Trains for Portsmouth	Leave Boston—7.55, 7.50, 8.50, 9.00, 10.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.40, 3.15, 3.30, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m., Sunday 4.00, 8.20, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.	Leave Portland—1.20, 3.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 1.25, 6.00, 8.00 p. m., Sunday 1.20, 2.50 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 5.45, 8.00 p. m.	Leave Old Orchard—9.00 a. m., 12.48, 1.53, 2.52, 6.21, 8.17 p. m., Sunday 5.18, 6.06, 8.17 p. m.	Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 4.12 p. m.	Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 6.11 p. m., Sunday 7.00 a. m.	Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33, 8.15, 10.00, 10.08 a. m., 4.05, 6.24 p. m., Sunday 12.20, 4.12 p. m.	Leave Dover—6.55, 8.30, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.25, 6.30, 9.20 p. m., Sunday 7.30 a. m., 12.45, 1.50, 4.25, 9.20 p. m.	Leave Hampton—7.47, 9.22, 10.00, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.26, 4.50, 6.16, 7.24 p. m., Sunday 6.14, 10.06 a. m., 12.03, 7.59 p. m.	Leave North Hampton—7.52, 9.28, 10.11, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 4.31, 5.05, 6.21, 7.28 p. m., Sunday 6.19, 10.12 a. m., 12.00, 8.05 p. m.	Leave Greenland—7.59, 9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m., Sunday 6.24, 10.18 a. m., 12.15, 8.10 p. m.
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SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:	Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.	Greenland Village—8.50 a. m., 12.45, 5.33 p. m.	Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.	Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.	Raymond—9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.	Returning leave,	Concord—7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.	Manchester—9.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.	Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.	Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.15 p. m.	Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55 p. m.	Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.	Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Dover, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the West.
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* Via Dover and Western Division.
|| North Hampton only.
Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.
Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.
D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R.R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.55, 6.45 p. m.	Leave York Beach—6.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.05, 1.23, 4.05, 5.50 p. m.	Leave York Harbor—6.53, 9.58, 12.11 a. m., 1.29, 1.12, 5.58 p. m.	Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent. D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.
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Portsmouth Electric Railway

Time-Table in Effect Daily, Commencing Sept. 11, 1905.

Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head at 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 7.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 7.30 a. m., 7.50 a. m., and 10.05 p. m. For Little Bear's Head only at 8.05 p. m. and 9.05 p. m. The 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton. On Theatre Night 10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance.

Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8.35 p. m. and hourly until 8.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road 7.10 a. m., 7.30 a. m. and 10.40 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head 9.10 p. m. and 10.10 p. m. Leave Sagamore Hill, Sundays only, for Market Sq. at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle Street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square at 7.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at 10.35 and 11.05 p. m. Up Middle street only at 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to car bar only.

Running time to Plains, 13 minutes.

Up Islington Street and Down Market Street—Leave Market Square at 7.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at 10.35 and 11.05 p. m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station is, up Islington street, 16 minutes; and down Market street, 4 minutes.

Last cars at night run to car bar only.

North Hampton Line—Week Days

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30, 9.30, 11.00, 11.55 a. m., 2.20 p. m., 5.05 and 6.25 p. m. Connecting with 6.28 a. m., 10.18, 11.5 a. m., 2.19 p. m., 5.05 and 6.2 p. m. trains from Boston.

Returning—Leave Portsmouth at 6. a. m.

Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30 p. m., 3.00, 5.45, 7.05 p. m. Connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.30, 11.19 a. m. and 2.35 p. m. trains for Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head only 11.00 a. m., 2.40, 4.30, 7.35, 8.02, 8.40 and 10.02 p. m.

Returning—Leave Little Bear's Head at 1.55 p. m., 4.15, 4.45, 7.50, 8.5 and 9.50 p. m.

Sundays.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head only 9.00 a. m. and hourly until 10.00 p. m.

Returning—Leave Little Bear's Head at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 9.45 p. m.

All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Bear's Head.

*Omitted Sundays.

**Omitted Sundays and Holidays.

Make close connections for Portsmouth.

[Saturdays only.

D. J. FLANDERS, Ticket Agent.

WINSLOW T. FERKINS, Superintendent.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leave Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m., Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leave Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 6.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m., Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

PERRY GARST, Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard.

Approved: W. W. MEAD, Captain, U. S. N., Commandant.

* Via Dover and Western Division.

** North Hampton only.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.

Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R.R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.55, 6.45 p. m.

Leave York Beach—6.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.05, 1.23, 4.05, 5.50 p. m.

Leave York Harbor—6.53, 9.58, 12.11 a. m., 1.29, 1.12, 5.58 p. m.

Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R.R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.55, 6.45 p. m.

Leave York Beach—6.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.05, 1.23, 4.05, 5.50 p. m.

Leave York Harbor—6.53, 9.58, 12.11 a. m., 1.29, 1.12, 5.58 p. m.

Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R.R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.55, 6.45 p. m.

Leave York Beach—6.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.05, 1.23, 4.05, 5.50 p. m.

Leave York Harbor—6.53, 9.58, 12.11 a. m., 1.29, 1.12, 5.58 p. m.

Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R.R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.55, 6.45 p. m.

Leave York Beach—6.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.05, 1.23, 4.05, 5.50 p. m.

Leave York Harbor—6.53, 9.58, 12.11 a. m., 1.29, 1.12, 5.58 p. m.

Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R.R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.55, 6.45 p. m.

Leave York Beach—6.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.05, 1.23, 4.05, 5.50 p. m.

Leave York Harbor—6.53, 9.58, 12.11 a. m., 1.29, 1.12, 5.58 p. m.

Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

TIME TABLE

Portsmouth, Dover & York St. Ry.

In Effect Sept. 18, 1905.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Ellor, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m. and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25 a. m. and 9.05 p. m. The 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton. On Theatre Night 10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance.

Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8.35 p. m. and hourly until 8.05 p. m.

Leave Cable Road 7.10 a. m., 7.30 a. m. and 10.40 p. m.

Leave Little Bear's Head 9.10 p. m. and 10.10 p. m.

Leave Sagamore Hill, Sundays only, for Market Sq. at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle Street and up Islington street—Leave Market Square at 7.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at 10.35 and 11.05 p. m.

Up Middle street only at 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to car bar only.

Running time to Plains, 13 minutes.

Up Islington Street and Down Market Street—Leave Market Square at 7.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m., and at 10.35 and 11.05 p. m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station is, up Islington street, 16 minutes; and down Market street, 4 minutes.

Last cars at night run to car bar only.

North Hampton Line—Week Days

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30, 9.30, 11.00, 11.55 a. m., 2.20 p. m., 5.05 and 6.25 p. m. Connecting with 6.28 a. m., 10.18, 11.5 a. m., 2.19 p. m., 5.05 and 6.2 p. m. trains from Boston.

Returning—Leave Portsmouth at 6. a. m.

Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 12.30 p. m., 3.00, 5.45, 7.05 p. m. Connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.30, 11.19 a. m. and 2.35 p. m. trains for Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head only 11.00 a. m., 2.40, 4.30, 7.35, 8.02, 8.40 and 10.02 p. m.

Returning—Leave Little Bear's Head at 1.55 p. m., 4.15, 4.45, 7.50, 8.5 and 9.50 p. m.

Sundays.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Bear's Head only 9.00 a. m. and hourly until 10.00 p. m.

Returning—Leave Little Bear's Head at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 9.45 p. m.

All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Bear's Head.

*Omitted Sundays.

**Omitted Sundays and Holidays.

Make close connections for Portsmouth.

[Saturdays only.

D. J. FLANDERS, Ticket Agent.

WINSLOW T. FERKINS, Superintendent.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry

TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leave Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.50, 7.45 p. m., Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leave Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 6.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m., Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

PERRY GARST, Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard.

Approved: W. W. MEAD, Captain, U. S. N., Commandant.

* Via Dover and Western Division.

** North Hampton only.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.

Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R.R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.55, 6.45 p. m.

Leave York Beach—6.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.05, 1.23, 4.05, 5.50 p. m.

Leave York Harbor—6.53, 9.58, 12.11 a. m., 1.29, 1.12, 5.58 p. m.

Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R.R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.55, 6.45 p. m.

Leave York Beach—6.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.05, 1.23, 4.05, 5.50 p. m.

Leave York Harbor—6.53, 9.58, 12.11 a. m., 1.29, 1.12, 5.58 p. m.

Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R.R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.55, 6.45 p. m.

Leave York Beach—6.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.05, 1.23, 4.05, 5.50 p. m.

Leave York Harbor—6.53, 9.58, 12.11 a. m., 1.29, 1.12, 5.58 p. m.

Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R.R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.55, 6.45 p. m.

Leave York Beach—6.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.05, 1.23, 4.05, 5.50 p. m.

Leave York Harbor—6.53, 9.58, 12.11 a. m., 1.29, 1.12, 5.58 p. m.

Dana B. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R.R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.55, 6.45 p. m.

MINIATURE ALMANAC
JUNE 7.

SUN RISES 4:56 MOON RISES 11:34 P. M.
SUN SETS 7:10 FULL MOON 11:30 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY 15:10

Fall Moon, June 24, 4h 12m., evening, E.
Last Quarter, June 15th, 5h 34m., evening, W.
New Moon, June 21st, 5h 56m., evening, W.
First Quarter, June 29th, 5h 12m., morning, E.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1906.

THE TEMPERATURE

At two o'clock this afternoon, THE HERALD'S thermometer registered sixty degrees above zero.

LOCAL DASHES

The circus comes next week.
Flag day falls on Thursday of next week.

The North End docks are once again busy.

The first hot wave of the year has switched off.

Three weeks to the next city government meeting.

The showers have done vegetation a world of good.

Farmers say that there is danger of too much rain.

Boston's baseball teams furnish little cause for pride.

Young America is saving up its money for the circus.

The glorious Fourth is less than a month in the future.

The merry roll of the thunder was heard again yesterday.

Next week's probate court session will be held in Exeter.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Strawberries will not last much more than a month longer.

June appears to have a great variety of weather on tap.

Locust plagues are reported in some parts of New England.

The brown-tail moth is most decidedly in evidence in this city.

The month of roses has not yet proved its title to its name.

Kittery and York are appreciating their Summer mail schedule.

The Franklin Pierce veterans will soon be ready to man the brakes.

The attractions of the Main and Cummins show are well advertised.

The local industrial outlook is more encouraging than for several years.

Nature is not kind to the Portsmouth nine's mid-week baseball games.

As a rule, Portsmouth does not receive the full force of electrical storms.

The board of trade is not afraid to express its views, whoever is hit thereby.

Services are in preparation at the churches for Children's Sunday next week.

While there is life there is always hope for the concern that advertises judiciously.

The earthquake prediction turned out to be the fake every sensible person expected.

The High School baseball players will measure strength with the graduates on Saturday.

Dedicating the Porter statue certainly involves some perplexing problems for the committee.

K. G. E. Hall, once Bliss College, has come suddenly into prominence as a secret order home.

Busy days for the Summer hotel proprietor and his employees, preparing for the opening of the house.

Arrived—Barge Kimberton from Philadelphia with 1553 tons of anthracite coal for Arthur W. Walker.

Electrical disturbances in the atmosphere are liked almost as little as earthquakes by a good many people.

The Improvement Society in its four years of existence has done much to better conditions in Portsmouth.

Amateur weather prophets disagree in their predictions for the Summer. Cold and rain and heat and drought are variously promised.

A POSSIBLE SENSATION

Rumors are in circulation of a possible sensation in the town of Kittery, growing out of the too free use of firearms. If the rumors have any foundation in fact, those having knowledge of the incidents are unusually reticent.

I. O. O. F. AND REBEKAHS

All Odd Fellows and Rebekahs report at the Hall at 6.45 p. m. Sunday for services at Christ Church.

N. H. C. COMMENCEMENT

Members of Senior Class Receive Their Degrees

HON. HENRY C. MORRISON HONORED BY COLLEGE

Eighteen members of the senior class of New Hampshire College, Durham, received the degree of bachelor of science on Wednesday, two the degree of master of science and one that of mechanical engineer. Five students received certificates for the agricultural course of two years.

Hon. Henry C. Morrison, formerly of this city, superintendent of public instruction, was given the honorary degree of master of science and Prof. Henry F. Hall of the college faculty the degree of bachelor of science.

The program of Commencement day included a battalion prize drill on the campus in the morning, the commencement exercises in Thompson Hall, the alumni dinner and the meeting of the Alumni Association.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Gibbs, wife of President W. D. Gibbs, received the seniors, the college trustees and their friends at her home. Fraternity meetings were held during the afternoon.

At the meeting of the trustees, new members of the college and experiment station staff were appointed as follows:

T. J. Headlee of Cornell, assistant in entomology and assistant entomologist to the experiment station; F. J. Porter of Cornell, assistant chemist to the experiment station; C. H. Harrison of Portland, Me., a graduate of Dartmouth and Yale, assistant professor of English and philosophy, succeeding E. R. Groves, who has resigned; F. R. Brown, a graduate of New Hampshire College, instructor in machine work, to succeed his father, John N. Brown, resigned; George S. Ham, farm foreman; John D. Clark, Nashua, N. H. C., '06, student assistant in chemistry; Charles G. James, assistant in chemistry, graduate of Institute of Chemistry of London, England.

Prof. C. L. Parsons will remain at the college, having declined the professorship of chemistry at the University of Cleveland.

Nevers' orchestra of Concord furnished music for the commencement exercises and John B. Whoriskey sang. Rev. M. F. Johnson of Nashua offered prayer and Andrew Sloan Draper, New York state commissioner of education, delivered the commencement address.

Among the graduates was Ralph Edward Gowen of Stratham and Alfred Walter Clough of Greenland received an agricultural course certificate.

Hon. Henry C. Morrison was one of the toastmasters at the alumni banquet.

The senior promenade in Thompson Hall concluded the program of the day.

"REDDY"

He Has Something To Say About The City Bathhouse

"Now, I don't need no money today," assured Reddy as I encountered him on Vaughan street this morning. "I ran into a guy yistidy what I ought to know all about skakin' de bones. I started in wid a nickel an' before I'd made him believe he was a nut at de game I'd taken five dollars an' thirty-five cents of his hard earned away from him. I had bre'kfast at Charley Ham's an' I'm goin' to take dinner dere, too."

"Say, w'y don't dey launch de bat' house. We've sure been needin' it bad. Lots us tellers would like to take a cold plunge in de river occasionally an' we miss dose public bat's all right."

"It don't seem dat dere's any need of huntin' round for somebody to chris'en de bat' house an' no hands, flags nor dedicatin' ceremonies is called for. All dat dey's got to do is to pull it across de river an' hitch a cable to it."

"I understands dat dere's got to be a keeper. For one thing, dere's chaps dat needs de money an', besides, you might as well have a circus tent wid no performers as a bat' house widout a man to boss it."

"W'y don't de high cards at City Hall deal out de job to some industrious guy. Dere's lots of chaps willin' to collect deir pay from de public for playin' main prop at city bat's. De office won't have to git no lantern an' go out huntin' "

King Among Pianos
That Is the Title One Might Rightfully Confer Upon
CHICKERINGS.

In strength of construction, breadth and beauty of tone, delicacy and strength of action, majestic orchestral powers and beauty of case, Chickering Pianos, leave absolutely nothing to be desired. They have taken more first medals and awards than any other piano in the world; they are the proven BEST of all good pianos. Catalogues free on request.

H. P. Montgomery,

6 Pleasant Street, Opposite Post Office
(Business Established 1865.)

"I rough de dark corners for de man, not on your Barnum and Bailey pass. As soon as it shows its head outside City Hall doorway, it'll have enough invitations to drink to keep it busy a week. Dere aint no excuse dat I can see for keepin' de job in cold storage no longer."

"I don't care a wilted pink who gits de place. All I wants is to see de bat'house in commission. I believes in keepin' clean at de city's expense and I'm goin' to git de boys of de Burdock an' de Breeze an' de Hay Scales clubs to sign a written protest if sometin' aint done immediate."

"Better come an' quench yer tirst wid me. Aint got time, eh? All right; see you later."

FIFTY-THIRD CONVENTION

Of Portsmouth Baptist Sunday School Association

The fifty-third annual Portsmouth Baptist Sunday school convention will be held at the Brentwood Baptist Church on Tuesday, June 19.

The present officers are as follows: President, E. E. Kidder, Dover; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. A. U. Dean, Dover;

Executive Committee—Rev. G. H. Nickerson, Brentwood, Rev. A. E. Woodsum, Exeter, Lewis E. Staples, Portsmouth.

Following is the program:

Morning Session
10.30 Devotional meeting, J. E. Moulton.

Welcome, Pastor.

11.00 Appointment of committees, and Sunday school letters.

11.45 Address, "The Superintendent's Duties in the Sunday School," Dr. A. C. Buswell.

12.15 Dinner.

Afternoon Session
1.45 Devotional meeting, Rev. H. K. Wilbur.

2.00 Reports of committees and election of officers.

2.30 Address, "The Up-to-Date Text Book for Sunday Schools," Rev. J. F. Fielden.

3.00 "The Conversion of Our Scholars in the Sunday School".
(a) "Necessity," Rev. A. E. Woodsum.
(b) "Method," Rev. G. N. Shephard.

3.40 "Indispensable Equipments for Sunday School Teachers," Rev. C. A. Towne.

4.00 Unfinished business and adjournment.

FURNITURE SOLD

From Secret Order Quarters in the Pierce Block

All the carpets, chairs and other lodge paraphernalia in Red Men's Hall, in the Pierce block on High street, owned jointly by the Knights of the Golden Eagle, Red Men, Royal Arcanum and Knights of Malta, were sold at auction today (Thursday) at noon to John McDonough, the highest bidder.

The orders which formerly occupied the hall have sought new quarters and wished to dispose of the fixtures in this way.

The hall will at once be cleaned and repairs and alterations started, to make it the best lodge room in the state. The Elks will hold their last meeting there this (Thursday) evening.

WITH MRS. MARTIN

Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church Met

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church met with Mrs. J. M. Martin of Chapel street on Wednesday afternoon and evening, a large number being present.

Previous to the supper work was done.

The committee in charge consisted of Mrs. Edward Small, Mrs. Chandler M. Hayford, Mrs. Charles E. Jenness and Mrs. Charles Winslow.

HANDSOME GIFT

Presented to Mr. and Mrs. Hislop by Knights of Pythias

Nearly fifty of the members of Damon Lodge, Knights of Pythias, called on one of their fellow members, Albert Hislop of Lafayette road, on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Hislop has recently taken to himself a wife and his friends could not allow the occasion to pass without remembering him in some way.

The party left the hall in Freeman's block shortly after eight o'clock and made the trip in the barge of Carl Brothers. Shortly after arriving at the cosy home, Lewis Dore, in a neat and appropriate speech, presented Mr. and Mrs. Hislop with a handsome set of silver spoons. "Doc," in his presentations on occasions of this kind has often made decided hits, but he outdid himself on Wednesday evening and the lodge will see that he attends to all such matters in future.

In receiving the gift, Mr. and Mrs. Hislop both responded to the presentation in most fitting words. The company was then invited to the dining room, where the following viands were provided: Lobster salad, cold meats, chicken, ice cream, cake and coffee.

Until after midnight the members of the party made merry with songs and instrumental music and on their departure for home declared that they had passed one of the pleasantest evenings of their lives and left their best wishes for the future happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Hislop.

PERSONALS

Mrs. William G. Marshall has returned from a visit to Boston.

Mrs. Lewis E. Staples is at Hillsboro for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton sailed last week for Europe on the Cunard liner Saxonia.

Mrs. David Hartwell and daughter of Cass street have returned from a month's visit to Gloucester, Mass.

Arthur W. Walker with a party has been attending the commencement of St. Paul's School, Concord.

Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis, U. S. N., and family are to occupy their cottage at Jamestown this season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Odiome of this city will soon open the Glenn cottage at York Harbor for the season.

Mrs. True W. Priest of Islington street leaves today for Newtonville, Mass., to visit her daughter, Mrs. Fred H. Clarke.

Alexander Lightfoot, former manager of The Rockingham, has returned from the South and will act as steward at The Wentworth the coming Summer.

Hon. Richard M. Scammon of Stratham was elected chairman of the board of trustees of New Hampshire College on Wednesday. Hon. Warren Brown of Hampton Falls was chosen a member of the board of control.

MR. THAYER WILL DELIVER BACCALAUREATE

Rev. Lucius H. Thayer will deliver the annual baccalaureate sermon to the senior class of Portsmouth High School at the North Congregational Church on Sunday evening, June 17.

WILL COMMAND THE MARY ARCHER

Capt. Archibald will command the Mary Archer, the new steamer which is to ply between Portsmouth and the Isles of Shoals the coming Summer.

NOT EXPECTED BEFORE SATURDAY

A dispatch from Boston today (Thursday) is to the effect that no decision in the Tucker case is expected before Saturday.

ALPHA COUNCIL

Enjoyed Housewarming With Many Friends

IN ITS NEW QUARTERS IN K. G. E. HALL LAST EVENING

Alpha Council, No. 83, Royal Arcanum, held a grand housewarming in its new quarters in K. G. E. Hall on Wednesday evening. About two hundred persons were in attendance.

The program was provided by the Portsmouth High School Musical Clubs and Frank Goodwin.

The boys gave a superb exemplification of their well trained talents, and Mr. Goodwin was inimitable. Encores were the order of the evening.

Following the rendition of the program votes of thanks were tendered the entertainers.

Fred T. Hartson spoke briefly concerning the coming outing of the several Royal Arcanum Councils at Central Park, Somersworth, which the Portsmouth Council and many outside friends will attend in a body.

Refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake, sandwiches, coffee, lemonade and cigars were served.

MUGRIDGE WHARF LEASED

Secured By The Atlantic Shore Line Railway Company

The Atlantic Shore Line Railway Company has leased the Mugridge wharf, off Market street. It will be used for general wharfage purposes and will materially increase the wharf room of the company.

In addition to the ferry slip at the foot of Ceres street, the Atlantic Shore line now has two wharves on the Portsmouth water front. The Jones wharf was leased several weeks ago. As announced on Wednesday in these columns, a great floating stage is to be built on the Badger's Island shore.

The Mugridge wharf lease was signed this week. The company will probably make some changes and will build freight and passenger sheds. Freight sheds will also, it is said, be erected at Badger's Island.

ROOT—PERKINS

Marriage in Topsfield, Mass., of Young Lady Well Known Here

The wedding of Raymond Richmond Root and Miss Molly Winifred Perkins was solemnized on Wednesday afternoon at High Rock Cottage, Topsfield, Mass., the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Susan Irene Perkins, and of her uncle, Lyman A. Perkins, organist of the North Church in this city.

The bride is well known in Portsmouth as a successful kindergarten and a very popular young lady.

The marriage service was in the presence of members of the two families and was followed by a reception from half-past three to five o'clock, at which many friends extended hearty congratulations. Portsmouth being represented by Misses Katherine Sweetser, Mary Garland and Edith Brewster and John C. Batchelder and John W. Mitchell.

CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE

Delegates Are Now in Attendance at Manchester

Rev. Frank H. Gardner of this city led the praise and prayer service at the opening of Wednesday's session of the New England convention of Christian Churches in Manchester. He was also appointed a member of a committee to draw up rules and regulations for the missionary body.

Rev. Edward H. Macy of Kittery delivered an address on "Music and Its Place in Public Worship."

Among the delegates present are Rev. Mr. Gardner and Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Abbie Marden, Ira Shapleigh, Fannie A. Adams, Lizzie D. Perkins, Portsmouth; Rev. Mr. Macy, Mrs. E. A. Duncan, Mrs. Mary F. Ferriand, John Glover, Kittery; Rev. J. H. Mugridge, Stratham.

OBSEQUIES

The body of Mrs. Sarah L. Prindle was brought here from Wolfboro this (Thursday) morning on the 10.45 train and was buried in Harmony Grove cemetery by Undertaker O. W. Ham.

Mrs. Prindle died in Wolfboro on Monday, aged sixty years, two months and ten days.

Give Me Some Thin Underwear



We're hearing this cry constantly these days and we never fail to respond to the call at once.

Our lines of Breezy Underwear are very comfortable.

We've the Balbriggan, Lisle, Gauze, Linen, Mesh, etc.

50c to \$2.00 Per Garment.

It's our variety of Underwear materials and our unusual range of sizes, coupled to our reasonable prices, that bring us such a large Underwear business.

F. W. LYDSTON & CO.
CLOTHES AND TOGGERY.

AT FAY'S BIG STORE

YOU CAN FIND A BIG LINE OF SUMMER GOODS.

Men's Summer Suits in Blue and Light Grey \$10 to \$15.
Men's Negligee Shirts, white and colored, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.
Men and Boys' Light Weight Sweaters, all colors and prices.
Men and Boys' Straw Hats, all styles.
A Great Variety of Men's Underwear, Hosiery, etc.
The Latest Styles in Neckwear, 25c and 50c.
We have the largest Shoe Department in the City. Everything in Footwear for Men, Women and Children.

W. H. FAY,

3 Congress St. Portsmouth, N. H.

LAWN MOWERS

Grass Seed, Wheelbarrows.

A. P. Wendell & Co.

2 Market Street.

THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR

At L. D. Britton's Express Office.

TELEPHONE 58-2.

Would you put your Chronometer in the hands of a Blacksmith for adjustment or would you give it to a Watchmaker? I AM A TAILOR AND KNOW MY BUSINESS. Let me do your work. You will find that it is done RIGHT and the price is SATISFACTORY. A splendid line of Woollens for Spring and Summer. I have not removed. I am at the same place,

22 Daniel St. L. D. Britton's Express Office Portsmouth

Nickel, Copper and Brass Plating.

General Repairing of All Kinds.
All Work Guaranteed.

GOODALL & TOLMAN,

64 HANOVER ST.

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE

WEAVER'S RESTAURANT

26 and 28 Congress Street

1500 pieces have been sold this season. The best are made here

Regular Dinner 35 Cents

HE CHOSE DEATH

Laconia Man Decided to Live No Longer

DESPONDENCY LED HUTCHIN- SON TO SELF MURDER

Body Was Found in His Room By A Hotel Clerk

MAN HAD MADE MANY FRIENDS IN THE LAKE CITY

Laconia, June 7.—Despondent over business troubles, William A. Hutchinson, forty-two years of age, employed as a salesman in the cloak department of Lougee, Dinsmore and Parent's store, committed suicide on Wednesday in his room in the Mount Belknap Hotel at the Lakeport end of this city.

The man was found about two o'clock by the hotel clerk, William Nichols, who had been notified by a chambermaid that she was unable to get into the room.

Mr. Nichols then forced the door open and Hutchinson was found lying upon the bed face downward with a bullet hole through his head. The bullet had entered a little to the right of the center just under the chin and passed up the right side to the brain. On a table near the bed was an empty bottle, which had contained a weak solution of carbolic acid, which he had drunk. A. L. Twigg, the proprietor of the hotel, immediately notified Medical Referee Backford of Belmont, who examined the body and found that death had been caused by a bullet from a thirty-two caliber revolver. The physician stated that the man had been dead about twelve hours.

It is understood that Hutchinson had got into financial difficulties with the firm by which he was employed and that the matter had come to a head Tuesday morning. A warrant for his arrest had been issued and was in the hands of the police, who were watching him and would have placed him under arrest in case he attempted to leave the town. Tuesday morning, however, it is alleged, Hutchinson had a consultation with some members of the firm and the matter was partially adjusted.

Another meeting was to have taken place this morning, when the trouble was to have been fixed

up. Hutchinson left the store shortly after noon and went to Lakeport. He is survived by a widow, who is prostrated by the shock of his untimely death, and is now under the care of a physician.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson came to the city about four years ago from Waterville, Me., and at once entered the employ of the Lougee firm. They have made many friends in Laconia, who are greatly shocked at the news of his suicide.

RAINS DOING HARM

They Are Likely to Cause Serious In- jury to Crops

The rain has certainly done all the good it can do just now and, in fact, we are getting a little too much of it. A well known farmer in conversation with a Herald man this (Thursday) morning said that the rains were causing the farmers no end of trouble. This man has planted seven acres of land with potatoes, turnips, corn and other vegetables and everything has spoiled. He will either have to let them stay in the ground and take chances of getting small crops from what he has planted or replant them.

The water that comes now remains on the surface owing to the ground being so wet and has practically destroyed everything planted.

"If it keeps up," said the farmer to the reporter, "we may as well go out of business."

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

INTERESTING PERSONAL AND SOCIAL PARAGRAPHS

Crops Suffering From Almost Con- stant Downpour of Rain

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, June 7
Fifty members of Constitution Lodge, Knights of Pythias, will visit Somersworth on Sunday, June 10, to attend memorial services by the Berwick and Somersworth Lodges. Services will be held in the Congregational Church, then the lodges will march to the cemetery where the graves of the dead brothers will be decorated. Later, at the hall of Rathbone Lodge, a collation will be served to the visiting knights. A special car will leave Kittery Point at 11.30 and Badger's Island at twelve. Returning, the car will leave Somersworth at 5.30. Each knight may take a lady if he chooses. The junior exhibition will be given on Tuesday evening, June 19, at Traip Academy hall.

Mr. Hoyt of Portsmouth has moved his family into the house of J. T. Lewis on Stimson street. Crops are certainly not suffering at present from lack of rain. Indeed, they are suffering from too much of it and a very little more will ruin many crops. The growth of everything is retarded by such a flood, and the farmers who have been wishing so long for rain, now change their tune.

A regular meeting of York Rebekah Lodge will be held on Saturday evening at Grange Hall. The mails were delayed on Wednesday evening by the thunder storm.

Miss Sadie Bickford enjoyed an auto ride to Exeter with friends on Wednesday.

An enjoyable assembly of the Independent Club was held at Wentworth Hall on Wednesday evening.

Rev. Sylvester Hooper, who has been passing a few days with his wife at Saco, returned home today.

During the thunder storm on Wednesday afternoon a large oak on the premises of Daniel Cook at North Kittery was struck by lightning and split completely open to the ground.

Mrs. John B. Wilson has gone to Plymouth, Mass., where her little grandson, Marcy, is very ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Goodspeed.

Proposals for the lease of the premises for a postoffice for a term of either five or ten years will be received until further notice by J. M. White, assistant superintendent of the postoffice department, at Boston.

Hon. Horace Mitchell passed today in Boston on business.

Miss Florence Cleaves of Portsmouth has opened her cottage at Spruce Creek for the season.

Kittery Point

A prize speaking contest will be held under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the Baptist Church at 7.45 this evening. The admission will be fifteen cents. Following is the program:

Music, March, Miss Hattie Mitchell

Address, Rev. S. D. Church

"The Drunkard's Blow,"

Miss Bertha Seaward

"Drinking Annie's Tears,"

Miss Louise Ryder

"The Two Glasses," Arthur Seaward

"Dot's Christmas,"

Miss Millie Sawyer

Vocal solo, Victor Amee

"The Land of Shining Gold,"

Miss Violet Pruett

"On the Other Train,"

Arthur Pruett

"College Oil Cans,"

Miss Edna Seaward

Vocal solo, Mrs. James Coleman
Presentation of silver medal.
Music, march, Miss Hattie Mitchell

John LaValle and family of Boston arrived today to occupy the Albert Stickney cottage at Gerrish Island for the summer.

Mr. Perry of Medford, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thurston D. Patch.

Oliver L. Frisbee of Portsmouth passed Wednesday at his cottage "The Anchorage" on Tavistock Island.

Miss Lizzie Grindley, head waitress at the Parkfield Hotel, who has been passing a few days with her sister at Brighton, Mass., has returned.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Free Will Baptist Church postponed their meeting with Mrs. Martin Williams on Wednesday evening on account of stormy weather.

The United States fish commission schooner Grampus arrived on Wednesday to collect seed lobsters.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At and Departures From Our
Harbor June 6

Arrived

United States fish commission schooner Grampus, Hansen, Boothbay.

Tug Lenape, Anderson, Philadelphia, towing barge Kimberton, with 1550 tons of coal to Arthur W. Walker; tug left another barge outside and later proceeded eastward with her.

Tug Portsmouth, Perkins, Boston, towing two barges.

Cleared

Barge Mingo, Philadelphia.

Barge No. 14, Baltimore.

Barge C. R. R. of N. J. No. 7, Port Johnson.

No departures.

Wind easterly, thick and rainy.

Notes

Schooner Frontenac has completed her charter of five trips between Baltimore and this port and will go to Bath for repairs.

Tug Savage has been laid up at Baltimore for a month undergoing repairs.

Schooner Clara B. Kennard will not be in commission this season.

WHERE'S THE BATHHOUSE?

Citizens Are Vainly Watching for Its
Appearance

While the people who like a cool salt water plunge are busy chasing up the breezes of electric fans and the shade of the old apple tree, the bathhouse, Portsmouth's only free amusement headquarters, still waits in its muddy bed on the west shore of Four Tree Island.

The small boy makes his way to the foot of Gates street and leaning on the rail of the brow leading to the summer quarters of the float sings to himself.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my son, you may, but not until the city lords,

Place the bathhouse in the water.

FOUND AT LAST

Such Opinion of Officers, at Least

THINK CHARLES E. WITHAM IS IN THE TOILS

Sought By Merrimack County Officials For Two Years

WANTED FOR ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO KILL

Charles E. Witham, wanted by the Merrimack county officials, is believed to be locked up in Concord jail. The prisoner gives the name of Frank Whitman, however, denies that he is the man wanted and insists that he was never before in this part of the country.

The first intimation of the possible present whereabouts of Witham, who has been sought for two years, was a letter from the solicitor of the Connecticut county in which Brooklyn jail is located to Deputy Sheriff Robert Scott. This letter stated that a Frenchman confined in the jail had said that a man serving a sentence of thirty days there was Charles E. Witham wanted in New Hampshire. Through Sheriff Collis, Mr. Scott communicated with Solicitor Clifford of Merrimack county, where Witham is wanted for assault with intent to kill in Epsom. Correspondence between Mr. Clifford and the Connecticut official resulted in what seems to be an identification.

A dispatch from Concord says: "County Solicitor Clifford applied to the Governor for extradition papers and armed with these Sheriff G. A. S. Kimball went down to Brooklyn on Tuesday and returned Wednesday night with the man who says his name is Whitman, and that he was born and brought up in Scituate, Conn. The man agreed to come without the formality of using the extradition papers.

"The crime for which the officers have been searching high and low for Witham during the last two years, was perpetrated in Epsom and the victim was Alice Smith, a niece of Witham. She was assaulted on her way to school and for a long time her life was despaired of. Witham fled after the assault and has never been heard of since.

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TAX RATE WILL SOON BE
KNOWN

It is likely that the board of assess-

EXETER BENEFITED

By the Will of the Late Prof. George
A. Wentworth

A dispatch from Exeter says that the late Prof. George A. Wentworth in his will has generously remembered several local charities. Five thousand dollars is given to the Exeter Cottage Hospital as a part of the permanent fund of the hospital. He gives \$5000 to the First Parish as a permanent fund to be called the Lang fund in memory of his uncle and aunt, the late Benjamin and Hannah B. Lang.

To the trustees of the Phillips Exeter Academy he bequeaths \$10,000 subject to two life estates. At the death of the two annuitants this fund is to be added to the Wentworth mathematical fund of the academy.

The bulk of the estate is given to the Wentworth family. Should any one of the testator's children die without issue, the equitable share of the child so dying is given to establish and maintain a home in Exeter for needy and worthy women of Exeter or Wakefield or Brookfield, to be known in memory of the late Mrs. Wentworth as the Emily Wentworth Home.

HORSE MALTREATED

And Poisoned in the Stable of Jacob
Cohen

A horse belonging to E. Dorfman, kept in the stable of Jacob Cohen, died on Tuesday, the result it is believed of poison. Someone entered the stable at night, it is said, administered the poison and mutilated the horse.

Cohen believes that the act was inspired by a desire for revenge, growing out of a recent court case in which he was a witness. He says that he was warned in advance that if he testified he would in some way be made to suffer.

It is thought that those who maltreated the horse supposed that it belonged to Cohen.

The matter is now in the hands of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and will be investigated. Cohen thinks that he can name the guilty man, but his rest has yet been made.

The horse was most cruelly

ELKS, TAKE NOTICE

A regular meeting will be held this evening in Red Men's Hall. All necessary business will be transacted. You are requested to attend.

Per order, JOHN G. GRAHAM,
Exalted Ruler.

AUDITORS MET

The auditors of the Portsmouth Building and Loan Association held a session on Wednesday evening and went over the books of the organization.

Geo. B. French Co

Careful attention to CORSET FIT-
TING gives character to this im-
portant and essential part of Ladies'
Wear.

The Johnny Jones Waist is
the popular latest. We
are placing two lots of
these fine Waists on sale
this week. In White Mus-
lin at

\$1.00 and \$1.25

and in Linen at

**\$2.25, \$2.50
and \$2.98.**

New Models in White Mus-
lin Waists, best we have
shown, for this week

\$1.00.

White Muslin Shirt Waist
Suits with Val Lace, only

\$2.98.

Misses' White Muslin Dress-
es, 9 years to 16 years.

\$3.75 to \$12.00.

Silk Shirt Waist Suits in
Small Checks and Hair
Stripes, a new arrival at

\$13.50.

Extreme Low Prices on our
excellent line of Jackets,
Auto Coats and Rain
Coats. Best variety in
the City.



The lines of the R. & G.
Corset, shown in this cut,
are universally admired.
The price is only

\$1.50.

The largest cut shows our
W. B. Corset at the same
price,

\$1.50,

and in the fine batiste is
without a rival. Just try
the 407 Corset.

Colored Muslin Shirt Waist
Suits, very dainty pat-
terns, complete,

\$2.25.

White Linen Tailored Suits,
very elaborate with em-
broidery, the latest cut,
only

\$13.75.

Some few Pattern Suits,

\$18.75.

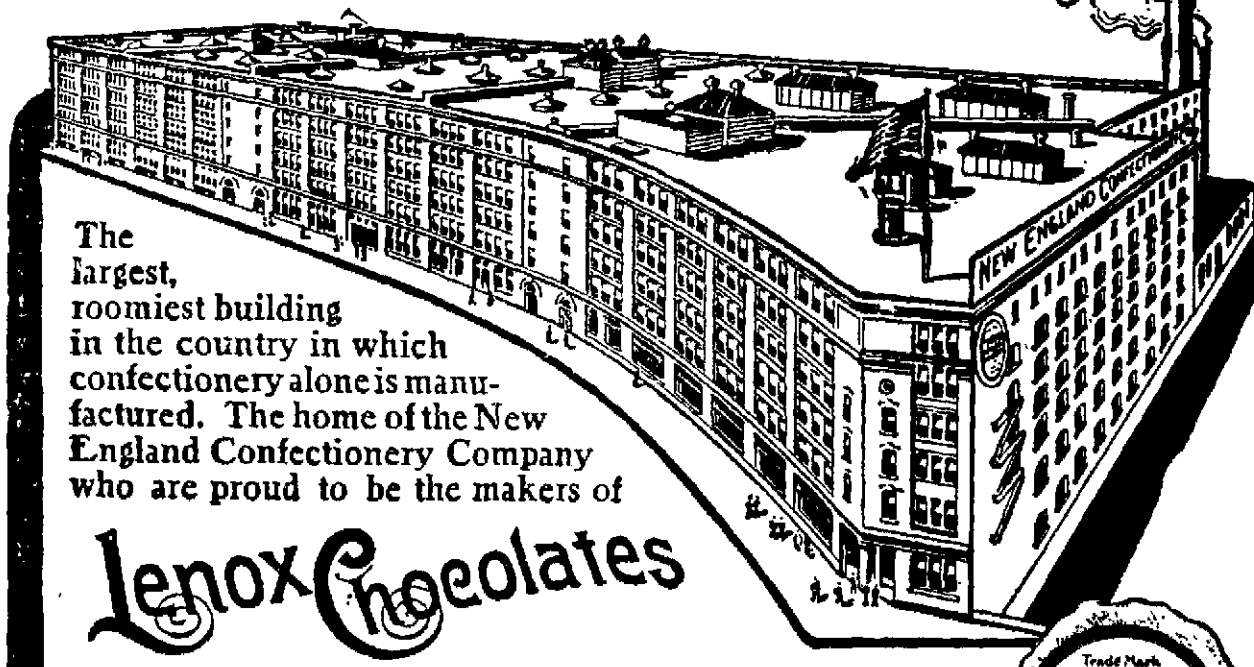
White Linen Skirts, the
handiwork of artists in
Skirt making,

\$3.98 and \$5.00.

White Duck Skirts in full
variety,

\$1.00 and \$1.50.

The Home of Lenox Chocolates



The
largest,
roomiest building
in the country in which
confectionery alone is manu-
factured. The home of the New
England Confectionery Company
who are proud to be the makers of
Lenox Chocolates

and 499 other varieties of delicious, wholesome candies—each
distinguished by the seal which says to everyone—"These are
Necco Sweets, the candy of known origin, sweets that carry with
them the reputation of their makers." Look for the seal.
For sale at all confectioners.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., Summer and Melcher Sts., Boston, Mass.



IN TUCKER CASE

Decision Expected Today
Or Tomorrow

GOV. GUILD WILL DEVOTE
MUCH TIME

To Going Thoroughly Over Affidavits
And Evidence Offered

MR. PARKER AGAIN APPEARS IN THE ROLE
OF PUBLIC PROSECUTOR

Boston, June 6.—Shortly after arriving at the state house today Governor Guild announced that there would be no decision in the case of Charles L. Tucker, who is under sentence of death, until tomorrow or Friday.

The governor will spend a great deal of time in going over the affidavits and evidence which were offered yesterday at the state house in connection with the petition for a commutation of Tucker's sentence to life imprisonment.

Mrs. Tucker, the condemned man's mother, visited her son at the state prison in Charlestown today and remained with him about three-quarters of an hour. She seemed quite cheerful and expressed her confidence that Governor Guild would commute Tucker's sentence.

"Charles is in good spirits," she said, on leaving the institution. "He does not like the prison so well as he did the East Cambridge jail and misses several of the little things he was allowed there."

The official report of the arguments of counsel at the private hearing yesterday at the state house were given out today. Former Attorney General Herbert Parker, who conducted the prosecution at the Tucker trial, again assumed the role of public prosecutor last night at the conclusion of the taking of evidence. With reference to the petition for commutation signed by over 100,000 names, Mr. Parker pointed out that nowhere in any of them was ground set forth why the power of the governor should be exercised.

A CRISIS AT HAND

Struggle Between Democrats
And The Government

Poland, June 6.—The lower house of parliament and the government are rapidly coming to close quarters, and the conflict which became inevitable the moment the popular assembly presented its demands in the address to the throne cannot be much longer delayed.

The excitement in the interior is increasing daily. Partial strikes have begun at Kieff, and the peasants in some provinces have begun to seize the land of the proprietors.

The leaders of the constitutional Democrats in the lower house realize that they must go with the tide, and the government which sought to calmly ignore the "extra constitutional" demands of the house, and sent the minister to the house with conciliatory speeches, realizes that the government policy has failed.

The scene at yesterday's session, when the house refused to listen to the ministers and practically drove them from the rostrum, clearly presents the issue—the emperor must dismiss the cabinet or fight in yielding to the militant spirit of the radicals upon this point the constitutional Democrats again solidified the opposition, which was on the verge of dissensions over the agrarian question—dissensions of which the government is eager to take advantage. It being reliably reported that the government has planned to make a direct appeal to the peasantry by distributing to the land-hungry peasants, easy payments, 3,750,000 acres of crown lands on the right bank of the Volga and in the southern and central provinces without awaiting the action of parliament. This step is strongly advised by the leaders of the nobility, who are holding a general congress here.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Concord, June 6.—Exercises commemorative of the semi-centennial of the founding of St. Paul's school began here at noon today and will continue throughout tomorrow. The feature of today's program was the dedication of a monument in honor of the boys of the school, numbering 130, who served in the war with Spain.

Dear Doctor—

I owe you so much—
for you saved my mama's life—
she was awful sick—the Doctor
came and Papa cried—so did I—
The Doctor could not help her—
but Aunt Emma—She told
mama to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite
Prescription—and so she got
well in nough time.

I thank you very much

To Dr. R. V. Pierce.

Erin Decker.

Many mothers of families in the United States have reason to be grateful to the person who recommended Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is a medicine specially prescribed for diseases of womanhood. It does not cure eczema, catarrh in all its forms, nor heart disease, for it is put up for the single purpose of curing diseases peculiar to women. It has a reputation of over a third of a century of cures, and has sold more largely on this continent than any other medicine for women. Another point in its favor—it does not contain a single drop of alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. An alcoholic compound for women is something no woman should take and yet "Favorite Prescription" is the only tonic and nerve put up for sale through druggists, especially for women's weaknesses, that does not contain alcohol and that too in large quantities. Womanly weakness will always bring nervous irritability and a nervous condition, for which alcohol is the worst thing in the world. What a woman thus afflicted needs is a vegetable tonic and invigorating nerve like Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which will build up her delicate system and bring about a healthy tone. It cures the drains and weaknesses of women, also displacements, as prolapse, anteversion, retroversion, irregular and painful periods and kindred ailments.

If you want to know what all you the United States mail will bring you the best medical advice for only the cost of writing materials and stamps.

Many women owe their present good health to the fact that they consulted Dr. Pierce by letter, giving him all possible information about their condition, symptoms, etc., and received in return good medical advice which cost them nothing. This is why we advise you to write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, the founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce by no means confines himself to prescribing his well-known proprietary medicines. He tells you in the most common-sense way what ails you, what you ought to do, what

and of the seven alumni who lost their lives in that struggle.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 6.—The Republican state convention met today. Congressman Olmstead was chosen temporary chairman. The slated candidates for the different offices are: Governor, Edwin S. Stuart of Philadelphia; lieutenant governor, Robert S. Murphy of Cambria county; auditor, Robert K. Young of Tioga county; secretary of internal affairs, Henry Houck of Lebanon.

Vienna, June 6.—The German emperor arrived here today and was greeted at the Northern railroad station by Emperor Francis Joseph in person. The meeting was marked by extreme cordiality, the monarchs kissing each other three times. After introducing their suites the emperors proceeded to Schoenbrunn castle. They were heartily cheered along the route. Later Emperor William drove through the town and called on members of the Austrian imperial family.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 6.—The forty-third national convention of the United States Brewers association met today at the Claypool hotel. Over 200 delegates are present, representing nearly every state in the Union.

Rochester, N. Y., June 6.—Rev. Algenon S. Crapsey, rector of St. Andrews Protestant Episcopal church of this city, today, through his counsel, James Beck Perkins, filed an appeal from the findings of the ecclesiastical court that found him guilty of heresy.

Washington, June 6.—The flood of telegrams to the Senate on the anti-railroad rate bill continued in some what abated volume today and most of them were presented to the Senate for notation in the Congressional Record. A majority of them were from railroad employees and their organizations. Senator Bailey raised the point that as the telegrams were addressed to individual Senators they do not partake of the nature of petitions and should not be presented to the Senate.

Durham, N. H., June 6.—This was commencement day and the last day of commencement week, exercises at the New Hampshire State College.

line of treatment should be followed out in your particular case, and if your case does not indicate the need of his proprietary medicine, he tells you plainly and frankly what you do need, and the best possible method of improving your health. If you are a young woman just entering upon the duties of life, you should have good medical advice of a confidential nature. If you're the mother of children, you may want advice about yourself and how best to put your system in order that your children may be healthy. To sufferers from chronic diseases which do not readily yield to treatment, or to people who are past the youthful stage of life and want confidential advice about their ailments or their physical condition, Dr. Pierce offers careful consideration and the best medical advice within his power, free of cost.

"Favorite Prescription" is indeed an ideal medicine for women, and by far the best I have known to restore lost health and strength," writes Mrs. R. C. Roelker, 24 Ingram street, Henderson, Ky. "I suffered misery for several years, being troubled with flooding. My back ached and I had bearing-down pains and frequent headaches. Would often awake from sleep in such pain and suffering it would be hours before I could close my weary eyes again. I dreaded the long nights as well as the weary days. Consulted two different physicians hoping to get relief, but finding that their medicine did not seem to cure me I tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as a friend had recommended it so strongly. Am glad that I followed her advice for it was the only medicine for me. Every ache and pain has gone, and not only this, my general health has improved. I feel well and strong, have a fine appetite, have gained flesh and never looked better. My advice to suffering women is to take the 'Favorite Prescription' and they will never be disappointed with the results." Formula printed on wrapper.

You should read The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R. V. Pierce, M. D. Send 21 cents in one-cent stamps, for this 1008 page book in paper covers, or 31 cents for the cloth-bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The commencement exercises were held in Thompson Hall, being opened with prayer by Rev. M. A. Johnson of Nashua. President W. D. Gibbs then introduced the orator of the day, Andrew S. Draper, I. L. D., commissioner of education of the state of New York, whose topic was "The Relations of the Individual to the Masses." The degree of bachelor of science was conferred upon a class of seventeen. Governor McLean attended the exercises. An alumni dinner was held later at Merrill Hall. The festivities ended this evening with the senior promenade in Thompson Hall.

Washington, June 6.—The engagement of Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts and Miss Josephine P. Boardman of this city is announced.

New Haven, Conn., June 6.—One of the most important events in the program of the national convention of the Knights of Columbus occurred this afternoon when the new national headquarters were dedicated, the exercises taking place on the green opposite the building. The new building is one of the handsomest in New Haven.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ATTRACTS
Her Complexion So Beautiful at Sixty
Causes Sensation

Newport, R. I., June 4.—Quite a sensation has been created here by Mme. Anna Ruppert, a noted complexion specialist. It is not the Madame's gowns or jewels that have attracted special attention, but her marvelously preserved complexion which she attributes wholly to her world renowned Face Bleach.

Many grateful women have had their skins cleared of all blemishes by following the Madame's advice which she willingly gives free to any woman wishing a beautiful complexion, who will write her at her town house 32 West 25th Street, New York City.

ANNUAL SESSION AT BRENTWOOD

The Portsmouth Baptist Sunday school convention meets in annual session at Brentwood on Tuesday June 19.

Our nearby towns had a fierce hail storm yesterday.

GAME WAS STARTED

But Rain Stopped The Portsmouth-Biddeford Battle Royal

The playing of the game between Portsmouth and Biddeford in the local little league was postponed by the rain.

The game was started off by Portsmouth, however, with the usual rush. Metcalf went to bat, and led off with a hit, stealing second. House went to bat, and the rain came, driving everyone to shelter, and sorely disappointing the crowd, which certainly was cheated by the element out of witnessing a good game.

The two teams will probably meet again in the not distant future.

BEEF SCANDAL REVIVAL

Packers Afraid Of Big Stick And Are Lying Low

Chicago, Ill., June 6.—Chicago representatives of the packing industry appeared today by the force of the attack made upon their business through President Roosevelt making public the report of his investigators, Messrs. Neill and Reynolds in his special message to Congress Monday.

They even declined to follow the lead of Ogden Armour's statement made in Paris to the effect that President Roosevelt has a strong personal animus against the packers of Chicago, and is doing and will do everything in his power to discredit them and their business.

Business men well acquainted with certain packers explained the latter's reluctance to reply to what they as set are unjust denunciations, on the ground that the beef men either see a covert threat in the President's statement that the report of Monday was merely preliminary, or fear the President may use his arbitrary power to withdraw the federal inspectors thereby ruining the packers' foreign trade.

As to what the cause of the alleged "animus" attributed to the President by the head of Armour and Co., might be, Louis F. Swift of Swift and Co., and Arthur Meeker of Armour and Co., declined to hazard a guess.

It was reported in Parkington that the packers had made a written proposal to President Roosevelt that he send a sanitary engineer to the stock yards to make recommendations and that any recommendations thus made would be followed, and that the alleged disregard of this proposal and subsequent publication of the report of yesterday was responsible for the extremely bitter feeling said to exist among the packers today.

Stirred by the Neill-Reynolds report, a number of livestock commission men began a personal investigation of the conditions in the packing plants.

Chicago is turning to the diet of the vegetarian. Meats are being spurned by people all over the city.

President Angry At Secretary Wilson

Washington, D. C., June 6.—President Roosevelt has been astonished, chagrined and angered at the condition of affairs in the agricultural department, with reference to the inspection of meat, and the war which has been making on the beef trust; has disclosed scandalous incompetency under his very eyes, which he is now seeking to remedy.

When Dr. Neill and Mr. Reynolds prepared their report of the sicken ing conditions in the Chicago stock yards they were compelled to write what is in effect a very serious reflection upon Secretary of Agriculture Wilson and A. D. Melvin, chief of the bureau of animal industry.

So serious is this reflection, and so exasperated has the President become at the incompetency of the bureau and its connivance at vile abuses, that Mr. Roosevelt insists upon a complete reorganization of the bureau.

He has also recently said that no member of the cabinet had caused anything like the embarrassment that Secretary Wilson had, and the retirement of the head of that department is regarded as only a matter of short time.

HAIL STORM YESTERDAY

Swept Over Nearby Towns With Destructive Force

A severe hail storm swept over the nearby towns of Rye and the Hampton on Wednesday with destructive force.

Considerable damage is reported, having been done to some of the growing garden crops and fruit trees.

FIRE LOSES US SUMMER RESIDENT

Mr. and Mrs. Myron W. Whitney, the former the leading basso of some years ago in English opera circles,

have been living for several years at South Sandwich, Mass., on Cape Cod, a pretty place purchased by Myron W. Whitney, Jr., better known to his family and intimate friends as "June." The handsome place owned formerly by Mr. Whitney, Sr., near Portsmouth, N. H., met with great losses by fire some time ago, and the latter has preferred the more southern climate and conditions on Cape Cod. Interesting reunions of the old friends of the Boston ideals, afterward the Bostonians, take place in the Whitney cottage every summer, as his company was originally formed of their slingers of Boston and vicinity, and had their first professional experiences together, and made lasting friendships between them. Mr. and Mrs. Morsell have spent most of their vacations with the Whitneys since their retirement from the stage.—Washington Star.

A YOUNG VETERAN

Who Hails From Our Neighboring Town Of Kittery

Edward A. Chesley, a Kittery young Civil War veteran, was born in Charlestown, Mass., May 9, 1819.

He enlisted and was mustered into service Aug. 19, 1861, as private in the Seventeenth Unattached Company Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. This company was later consolidated into a regiment and became Company A, Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.

Mr. Chesley writes: "I was not a drummer boy, but shouldered the musket and carried the knapsack; in other words, I was high private in the rear rank."

He was discharged at Fort Richardson, Va., June 17, 1865, at close of the war.

SET OF HANDSOME COLORED POST CARDS

Of New England Scenery, Issued By Boston And Maine Railroad

The beauty and splendor of New England's magnificent scenery has never been more typically portrayed than in the choice set of colored souvenir post cards, issued by the General Passenger Department, Boston and Maine railroad. They comprise twenty magnificent views, the best of mountain, seashore, inland, river and lake scenes to be found in the country. They are the expensive, eight colored lithograph cards, and display these landscape views in their natural colors.

The set is enclosed in an envelope, and will be mailed to any address upon receipt of thirty cents in stamps, by the General Passenger Department Boston and Maine Railroad, Boston Mass.

GREATER PARAGON PARK

Make a little red ring around June 16 on your calendar for that is the day that Greater Paragon Park at Nantasket Beach will open for the summer. It's going to be a gala day for it begins a season of light and laughter, of freedom from care and bondage, of good humor for all who visit this fiery city by the sea.

In point of land area Greater Paragon Park is not the largest, nor does it claim to be. What it does claim is that it is large enough to be comfortable and to be without exception the most artistic amusement park anywhere in the world.

But there is a great deal to see and this year there is a great deal to see that costs nothing at all, after you have paid admission to the park. Last year it will be recalled there was a free open air circus in which appeared a series of remarkable performers, a free concert afternoon and evening by the Marlboro band and that was considered quite enough. For Greater Paragon Park, however, Manager Dodge intends to go much farther in the way of supplying free amusement. In addition to the free circus (and the acts this year will be even more expensive and better than last year) and the Marlboro band concerts, there will be a great free recreation ground, a free sand slide, a free hurley-burley slide, five bands and orchestras and other smaller features too numerous to mention. The free recreation grounds adds nice acres to the park and affords a excellent place for those who bring their lunches to sit on the cool grass or grass, or seats if they prefer.

NOTICE

Sam Lee, who for thirty years has conducted a laundry in this city, will occupy the store vacated by George W. Lord, 11 Congress street, where he will give strict attention to the wants of his old customers and to all new patrons.

ANNUAL MEETING JUNE 20

The annual meeting of the New Hampshire Association of Local Fire Insurance Agents is to be held at The Elms, Goffe's Falls on Wednesday, June 20.

PORTSMOUTH, SATURDAY JUNE 16

ALMSHOUSE FIELD.

Under the Direct Management of

WALTER L. MAIN

COL. CUMMINS' WILD WEST

INDIAN CONGRESS, EDUCATED WILD BEASTS, FIRE AND FLAME EXHIBITIONS.

Startling
Fire and Flame
Spectacle.

—BLAZING—
"Baltimore City"

1000 PEOPLE
AND HORSES
TO PARTICIPATE.

The...
Famous Indian Congress
52 DIFFERENT TRIBES.

FEATURES OF
Trans-Mississippi Exposition, Omaha.....1898
Greater America Exposition.....1900
Pan-American Exposition.....1901
Madison Square Garden, New York.....1903
World's Fair, St. Louis.....1904
Pres. Roosevelt says: "The Pan-American Exposition would have made a real mistake had they not secured Col. Cummins' Indian Congress."

2 PERFORMANCES DAILY
UNDER SUN AND WATER-PROOF CANOPIES
Down-town Seat Sales at usual places, commencing 9:30 A. M.
Also at Ticket Wagon on Show Grounds.

GORGEOUS AND STARTLING STREET PARADE, 10.30 P. M.

TICKETS AND RESERVED SEATS will be on sale on the forenoon of Friday at Philbrick's Pharmacy, 45 Congress St., at the same price as sold on the Show Grounds.

FOR ME!

FRANK JONES

Portsmouth, N. H.

ALES

The Kind That They Try to Imitate—But Always Fail

For Fifty Years No Competitor
Has Been Able to Put An
Article Out to Compete With Our
Lively Ale

It Has That Creamy Look—It
Reaches The Spot.

THE ALE

That Never Fails to Satisfy

If Your Dealer Doesn't Have It, Write

THE FRANK JONES BREWING CO.

Portsmouth, N. H.

A. O. Caswell, Bottler,

121-2 Porter St. Telephone Connection.

IS WHERE YOU CAN FIND THE FOLLOWING GOODS:

Eldredge's Pilsener Lager, Half & Rock Ale, Cream Ale.
Frank Jones Golden Ale, Homestead Ale, Stock Porter, Nourishing Stout, India Pale Ale.
Portsmouth Brewing Co.'s Portlanger Lager, Sparkling Ale, Hal. Stock Ale, Stock Porter, India Pale Ale.
Schlitz Lager (Budweiser Brewery Bottling.)
Ales, Lager and Porter by the keg. Wines and Liquors. Soda Siphons and Tanks.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN FAMILY TRADE.

The Little Geisha

By OOTO WATAMNA.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Okikusan was in trouble again. This time she had offended her master by refusing to dance for the American who threw his money so lavishly about. He had specially asked that the girl with the red cheeks, large eyes and white skin be asked to dance for him.

The dancing mats were thrown, the music started, and Kiku had thrust forward one little foot and had courted to the four corners of the earth. Then she twirled clear around on the tips of the toes of one little foot, her hand tapering out toward the American. She had started to dance without once glancing at the visitor. By chance her eye happened to fall on him, and with a sudden whim she paused in her steps and subsided to the mats, her little feet drawn under her.

The American was watching the girl with amused eyes. Then he crossed to where she sat on the ground.

"Why did you stop dancing?" he asked her, in fairly good Japanese.

She answered him in broken English:

"That's account I nod lig to danze for you!" she told him, candidly.

The girl still sat on the mat, looking straight out before her, her face unreadable in its cold indifference. Hilton could not understand her. She was so unlike any Japanese girl he had ever met, for they generally were so willing and eager to please. After a time he broke the somewhat strained silence to say, in his soft, drawling fashion:

"Would you not like something—er—to drink? Shall I fetch something for you?"

The question was so absurd that the girl's studied indifference broke down.

"That's nod your place to wald on me!" she said, loftily, rising to her feet. "I thing that you lig something to dring. Yes? Thad I git paid to worg here. I thing I hedder bring you something to dring," she added, stiffly. "Bud I nod lig to wald on you. I prefer vaery much wald on Japanese gents."

There was a sibilant softness in her voice that was bewildering in its charm and sweetness, and her broken English was prettier than anything he had ever heard.

When she brought the hot "sake" back to him her face was smiling above the dainty tray, and as she knelt at his feet while he drank it, he could see that her former petulant mood was gone, and that she was now using every effort to please and conciliate him.

"Now you look like a Japanese sun-beam," he told her, softly, looking into her eyes, and she smiled at him with a smile that was sweeter than anything he had ever heard.

"That's account I 'fraid gitting discharged," she told him, calmly, still smiling. "Mr. Takahashi tell me if I nod vaery kin' to you he goin' to send me long way from here."

"Ah, I see. Then you are only pretending to smile?"

She shrugged her little shoulders. "Yes," she said, indifferently. "That's worg for geisha girl. What you thing we goin' to git paid for? Account we frown? Or account we laugh? I thing that's account we laugh. Thad is my worg. What you thing?"

"That you are a philosopher," he told her, smiling, and added: "But what a cynic, too; I didn't expect to find it among Japanese women—cynicism."

The girl smiled a trifle bitterly. "Oat!" she said, "you nod fin' thad 'mong Japanese—only me! I different from aeverybody else." She set the tray on the ground and sat down at his feet.

"How old are you?" Hilton asked her, curiously.

"Twenty-two," she told him.

"You look like a child."

It was two weeks later. With a restless fascination he could not understand, Hilton went every day to the little tea house on the hill. Always he sought out Okikusan, and would spend the entire day with her, totally oblivious to almost all else save the girl's beauty and charm.

And Hilton forgot his mission in Japan, forgot that Japanese women had always been merely the playthings of a moment; that he had tired of life—everything save the delightful, irresistible feelings that had awakened in him. What was it? Hilton was in love, and with a Japanese woman!

Years ago he had married one in Japanese fashion, and had left her. She had been a gentle, clinging little woman, with whom he had passed a dreamy, sleepy summer. What could he do with Kiku? She was unlike any Japanese woman he had ever known—unlike any woman he had met. She was the one woman in the world he had loved during all his long, checkered career—a life spent in idle pursuit of his own pleasures.

Hilton's friend, who had accompanied him on the voyage, was beginning to feel anxious about him, for, in spite of his admission of his own weakness for Japanese women, he was far more alive to and quick to scent real danger than Hilton, who followed his extravagant impulses only, while the cooler man kept a level head in the midst of his pleasures.

"My dear boy," he said to Hilton, "you've got the fever, I believe!"

Hilton laughed weakly.

"Nonsense!"

"You are in love with some Japan-

ese girl!" his friend continued. "You want to look out for them, you know."

Hilton rose to his feet and began pacing the room in long, irregular strides.

"Don't you suppose I am old enough to be proof against such things?"

"Well, I don't know, Hilton, to tell you the truth. You see, Japanese women are different. You're only human, after all. I'd advise you to marry her—for awhile, of course, as you did the other one."

"I have an idea," Hilton said, with some hesitancy, "that I am too old for another affair of that kind. I thought of settling down—that is, I intended returning to America, and—er—marrying."

"What are you waiting for, then?"

He flung himself restlessly across a couch, staring moodily at the fushuma.

"What do you say to our leaving next week?"

"Good."

"Better keep away from the tea house in the meanwhile," his friend advised.

Hilton did not answer.

He found her in a field blazing with a vivid burning glory of natan and azalea-blossoms. She saw him coming toward her, and stooped down among the long grasses to hide from him. The man was intoxicated with his hunger for her, and caught her in his arms with all his pent-up love and passion.

"Kiku," he whispered, "I tried to stay away. I could not. Don't you understand?"

He was holding her close to him now, and covering her face with a passion of kisses. "I love you! I love you! I love you!" he began, murmuring in her ear.

The girl's eyes were fixed full on his face. He caught the elfish, searching full gaze, and for a moment released her. She stooped to pick up the scattered blossoms that had fallen.

The girl shivered, and her face grew suddenly white.

"Go away!" she cried, with almost an imploring note in her voice. "I don't want to tell you. I thing it bes nod. No, I nod 'all you—everything."

Besides, I nod lig you vaery much. Jus' liddle bit now. At first I hate—hate with all my heart! Now I ver savvy—ver savvy thad, thad I bin unkin'.

"I unkind!" he repeated, stupidly.

"I don't understand, Kiku-san?"

"No, you nod understand," she said, in despair. "What kin I do? Oh, pitiful Kwannon! help me! I thing I tell you. I bin mos' vaery unhappy long time now, because aeverybody hate me. Account I loog lig American. You nod understand? No? My fadder!"

She paused a moment—"he leave my modder. We vaery unhappy so thad she goin' to die. Then we'd she die I worg, worg hard at the factory, an' here. Nobody lig me account my fadder American, an' I thing account thad I goin' hate all Americans forever, because my fadder vaery wiggid, because he mek my modder suffer! And me? I suffer, too."

A grayness had crept over Hilton's face. He felt suddenly weak and old. "You still nod understand?" she asked. Her hands had fallen from his now, and he had staggered back a few paces.

"Not yet!" he said, faintly.

"Then I tell you," she said, firmly. "I nod lig you because when you come here someone thad know my modder when she alive point at you and say: 'Thad you fadder!'"

The silence that was between them now was horrible. It suddenly assumed a savage mockery by the wild singing of a nightingale which flew over their heads and trilled aloud its song of gladness.

The man could not speak. He stood looking out in front of him with a pitiful look of horror, and only half comprehension on his face.

After awhile the girl continued:

"Firs' I thing I will tell you. Then I remember my modder and how on-happy she be, and how hard I worg all those years when you have so much rich, an' then I hate you forever and bury all sawry for you in my heart, an' I hate all mens from the west, for-aever so rool of conceit. Thad's a liar thad I say I twenty-two years old. I thing now thad my time come to fool. I thing I revenge my modder. I thing I mek you suffer lig her. You nod understand? Always she have pain here!"

She clasped her hand over her heart, and then continued, wearily: "Thad's account you die L. to to you. You nod understand that liddle word vaery much. Aeverybody say I nod have any heart. All hard dead. Thad's account I luf only my modder, an' she die. An' I also hate you thad you kill that modder."

Through the mists of pain and horror that had overcome him the memory of dead days were coming back to Hilton. He could not think of Kikusan now as his own child—his very own blood—he would not!

"You must be mistaken!" His voice sounded strange, even to his own ears. "My child died—they told me so."

The girl laughed bitterly.

"Thad's better I dead, I going away. Aeverybody thinging I daed 'cept me. I know always. You thing I loog lig Japanese girl?"

She suddenly loosened her hair, and it fell down around her in thick, shining brown curls.

"Thad lig Japanese girl—that?—thad?—thad? Thad?"

She pushed back her sleeves and showed him the white purity of her arms.

Then she turned and left him, with the same still look of despair on her face and the pitiless sun beating on the golden fields.

Bees have been known to fly as far as seven miles in search of flowers.

The Son of a Warrior

By PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

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There were seven kinds of Indians at the rear of the largest hotel of a far western town. Dirty and dirtier, which is two; young and old, which is four; male and female, making six; and one little clean papoose.

The mother of the wee papoose was sitting on a stone chewing gum and exchanging Indian gossip with a healthy collection of Washoe ladies, whose faces were painted with reckless colors and in desperate designs.

Presently, around the corner, came a trotting, sniffling Chinaman, a vendor of vegetables.

As the Chinaman halted within the gate of the high broad fence, he lightly swung the receptacles to earth, rested his polished pole conveniently near, lifted a mat, containing the day's supplies for the cook within, and carried it off to the kitchen.

The little papoose was very much fascinated by the resting baskets. They were nearly twice as tall as he and as fat as barrels.

Now it not very strangely befell that the vendor of vegetables lingered a time in the kitchen, for that exceedingly tempting and savory seat of government was under the personal supervision of another little yellow man, who called his countryman Wong, and gave him to drink of tea.

While the two engaged each other with inharmonious gutters, a dusky cranium and equally ebullient countenance protruded from another door. Its owner was the negro porter, a grinning fellow whose mania for jokes of the "practical" genus was developed to a degree uncanny.

He was rolling his eyes at the time in a manner suggestive of very bad dreams. No sooner had he made himself certain that the yard was free of observers and occupied alone by the wee papoose, than he stealthily slipped from his place and grabbed the scared little fellow by the tail of his wholly inadequate skirt.

The Chinaman's basket had a shallow tray in the top filled with beads, then an inside receptacle—also shallow—filled with celery. Below this last were cabbages down in the bottom.

These extra insides the negro quickly ejected with his unemployed hand; then a couple of cabbages, as large together as the wee papoose, and quite as heavy, came forth with a jerk. In a second more the silent Indian baby had been dropped within, the extra basket and trays replaced, and the dusky had hopped through the door with the cabbages, doubling himself forward like a nut-cracker.

Out there came Wong, beaming with the radiance of tea well swallowed. He rearranged his pole, bent his stout Mongolian back, straightened up—lifting his baskets—balanced them neatly, and trotted away with the frightened baby Indian, quite oblivious of the fact that such a lively vegetable had ever been grown.

Wong went snoring up the street. "Good mornin'," he said at last, as he stopped at the rear of one of the most imposing houses. "Veily fine mornin'."

"Good-mornin', Wong. It's a little bit chilly," said a stooping, gray-haired lady in glasses, rubbing her hands.

"Oh! yeh, him for hill bit chilly."

"What have you got this mornin'?" she inquired.

He began at once to lift the tray. Next he hoisted forth the shallow inside basket and reached for a cabbage. Then the second little face of the wee papoose met his gaze.

"Ki yit!" he yelled. "Sunin—ah—got, no belong for Wong—Hoh!"

Nerving himself for the fearful ordeal, he lifted the squirming baby forth and dropped it quickly to the ground.

No sooner did the wild little thing find itself released than it scrambled to its feet and ran at the skirt of the elderly lady—the only thing it recognized—and clung there like a prickly burr. All this in half a moment.

"Mercy!" shrieked the lady, who had comprehended nothing of Wong's peculiar antics. "Mercy!—where!—Wong, where did you get this child—this savage child?" she demanded. "Take it away, instantly!"

But the vendor of vegetables, thoroughly alarmed, had fled.

"Did yeh call, Missus Hoochart?" said a voice from the door.

"Oh! Maggie—oh! dear—oh, oh! What shall we do?" wailed the woman.

She was trying to shake her skirts of the brown little Washoe, but he merely clung the harder, and buried his face in his silent fright.

"Ach, wurr!—wurr!" said Maggie. "O! wudden't a tot ut! P're did yeh git um?"

"I don't know—oh! I don't know. We've got to take him in, I suppose, and wait for Charles."

Accordingly she walked very gingerly in, while the very diminutive savage continued to cling to the dress and to hide his face.

"I don't see," she remarked, breathing easier when the door was closed, "how I'm going to get his hands off my skirt. Don't you think you could take him away, Maggie?"

"O! wudden't touch 'um fer tin dollars!" cried the girl.

"Well, what shall we do? He will never let me go."

"Yeh could have 'um the skirt—take ut off an' put an anither waa, yeh moid."

Fined for Hitting Mule.

A Pennsylvania man has been fined \$10 for hitting his mule with an ax. Although the dispatches do not explain the matter, we take it for granted that he struck the mule first.

"Yes, I can. That is just the thing."

She slipped the outside garment in a jiffy, and the baby sat down on the floor in the midst of the pile.

The two women now stood away at a distance of safety, discussing the awful situation. If the Indian hordes should come and discover the possible heir to the chieftainship in the house—even of a highly respectable splinter—what would be the horrible result?

"The warrior" all the while sat perfectly still, his big brown eyes and his wee red mouth wide open, and his chubby hands still playing at random with the skirt. He was utterly bewildered—and so were the women.

Barricades were placed on the doors and the women brought their chairs to sit and watch their most unwelcome prisoner. As the hours wore by it occurred to the lady that perhaps the child might be hungry. She prepared a piece of bread and molasses, and handed it over with the tongs.

With this the child emulated his parents at once, for he painted his face from chin to eyes. During the spell of ecstasy apparent on his countenance, the girl attempted to secure the skirt, but without avail. A sticky little claw came down and clung with a grip that was not to be easily shaken. Also he threatened to cry, for the first time.

"Never mind it—never mind it," Miss Hobart hastened to say. "Anything is cheap that will keep him from screaming." The dress was therefore abandoned to the fate of a captive in the hands of the red man. At length the baby got a piece of feather in his fingers, and it stuck alternately on either hand, from which he proceeded to pick it with the other.

This continued till the curtain lashes of the bright brown eyes came drooping down and his chubby little face, with molasses adorning, came slowly to rest on the skirt. But never for a moment did either of the women depart from the post of watching.

Slowly wore away the afternoon; the light of the day burned dim at last, and the lamps of the town were lighted. Miss Hobart then commenced to pace the room impatiently.

"Charles—Charles, my brother!" she would say, "why don't you come? You ought to know what a terrible, terrible trial it is."

But the sound of his knock at the door, when he came at his usual hour, nearly made the women faint.

A thin little man was Mr. Hobart, but sensible and not to be alarmed. He declared that in the morning would be "time enough" to clear the matter up.

His sister sat in a chair all night dressed, and waited a hundred times from dreams of hideous Indian depredations. She was wearily dozing when her brother ate his breakfast and departed.

An hour later, while her back was turned, the head of an old and silently whistling Indian appeared at the open window.

"Ketchum papoose," said this awful redskin, and his voice was hardly audible.

She whirled about, saw the face, tried to scream and failed.

"Injun Jim h-a-a-p sick," drawled the chieftain, who had satisfied himself that his son and heir was present—the youngster being seated on the floor, engaged again in the intricacies of bread and molasses. "H-o-a-p sick, heap likum biseut-lah-poo."

Miss Hobart rallied.

"Perhaps," she thought, "Charles has pacified the tribe."

"Oh! Mr. Indian Jim," said she in a tremulous voice, "is this your son—your little boy?"

"Yeh, h-e-a-p my boys. Injun Jim heap likum biseut-lah-poo—heap sick."

"Are you sick, poor man? You shall have all the biscuit you want."

She felt so relieved to find this absence of hostilities and of a desire to lift her scalp and burn the house, that anything would have gone to the chieftain had he made the proper request. As it was, she witnessed, with awe, the storing away of a very large package of food in the pockets of the Washoe.

"Here," she said, in a timid, tentative voice, "is your son—your nice little boy—very nice little boy, and I'm very sorry—"

"Yeh, h-e-a-p nice, all same Injun Jim. You like buy um? Two dollars half you buy um, h-e-a-p good."

"Mercy! Oh—oh!" she gasped. "He would sell it—sell his son! Two dollars and a half! And after such a night! Oh—oh! no, Mr. Jim—James—take him back to his yearning mother."

Oh! gracious!

As the warrior slowly shuffled away to the gate, leading his son and heir by the hand, the bright little face was turned towards the woman, who was standing in the door.

"Is a beautiful child," she said, "I wish I had noticed before!"

Prison for Kissing a Man.

For kissing a stranger in a moment of exuberance, an 18-year-old waitress at Tetschen, Prague, has been sentenced to 14 days imprisonment. The offense took place at the railway station, and the "injured" man complained at once to the police and the girl was arrested. So impressed was the magistrate with the "heinousness" of the crime that he increased the severity of the sentence by ordering the girls four fast-days on the fortnight, and also directed that after completing the sentence she should be banished from Bohemia and sent to her home in Dresden.

A Pennsylvania man has been fined \$10 for hitting his mule with an ax. Although the dispatches do not explain the matter, we take it for granted that he struck the mule first.

In the Yaqui Country

By BAILEY MILLARD

(Author of "Down the River with the South Wind," etc.)

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Bad trails, bad water and hopeless, slow mules, had made the long ride from the railroad a most vexatious adventure for the Nesbitts, only seven days from Fifth avenue and French cookery.

"Oh, don't worry, papa! I'm all right," Muriel smiled resolutely through her veil, and slipped off her mule with the help of a statuesque mazo. Her big blue eyes shifted covertly now and again to the up-trail prospect, which, if anything, seemed more desolate than the country they had traversed. For it was here at Agua Caliente that Stratford Banning was to meet them.

Banning was the man in charge of her father's mine at Los Nidos. Between him and Muriel had once been a perfect understanding. That was in the year he graduated as a mining engineer and was hanging around the Broadway offices waiting for a chance to let loose his pent-up energy.

Muriel, looking up the trail, was thinking now of their last ride together under the Bronx beeches. Many things have happened since then. The chiefest of these things was that the complete understanding was no longer any sort of understanding—a few hasty, heart-freezing words had done that. And now Alber Card, a well-preserved, middle-aged man whose millions nearly measured up with those of her father, was dangling along at her side—the luckiest man in New York.

They had called him, for had he not bagged the proudest beauty of the Newport season?

Card had become interested in the Nesbitt mine, in the Rio Yaqui country, to the extent of half a million, and was going with his prospective father-in-law to look at the property. Muriel, who had been everywhere with her father since the day of her mother's long funeral train, joined him in this, his first visit to the mine. She had dared the meeting with Banning because she had thought that they would each be strong enough and have common sense enough to show that they had lived down the ghastly fact of their two-year estrangement.

Banning came hurrying out from the office at the end of the great grimy mining-sheds.

"Hullo!" he called, running bareheaded down the trail, a big piece of white paper in his hand—the pay sheet of the mine—"What in the name of all the—didn't you get my telegram? Sent it to El Paso, care of Stevens. Don't see how it could have missed you."

Then he drew his face out of its anxious, worried look and greeted them more hospitably. The touch of Muriel's gloved hand was like that of a phantom reaching out from the dead years. Instantly he saw what were her relations with Card, whom he had met before when he was beseeching Broadway for a mining job, and who, oddly enough, as he thought, remembered him. Somehow people had a way of remembering that clean square chin of Banning's and those unflinching gray eyes.

After supper, when the men were smoking big rough cigars in a corner of the cool patio where the moonlight silvered the smooth silken edges of the banana leaves, Nesbitt laid his hand on Banning's shoulder.

"Well, Strat," he asked, "what's the rumprum?"

"No rumprum," said Banning, his eye searching out the feather-duster top of a cocoa palm.

"There's some kind of a mix-up, or you wouldn't have tried to head us off with that telegram."

"Oh, I was a little leary about the situation, that's all," said Banning, glancing around to see if Muriel was within earshot.

"Was it that fever I heard about?"

"No fever up here in the Mazatans at this season," said Banning. "It's the Yaquis. They don't like the way the government is parceling out their reservation to American miners. Now I don't want to alarm you gentlemen (he included Card with a glance of his eye), but these chaps are spending their last cents on Mausers."

"Our men—are they all in it?" asked Card, nervously.

"Nearly all," said Banning, coolly. "I've had to sneak out all the rifles from our gun rack and cache them away out of reach. They're in a deserted tunnel a quarter of a mile up the canyon. I couldn't think of a safer place."

"Haven't you any other men besides Yaquis?" asked Nesbitt, biting his cigar with tense anxiety.

"Oh, yes; some poor trash from Hermosillo, but only a few. A hundred of 'em wouldn't get out a ton of ore in 60 days."

"By Jove!" said Card, turning to Nesbitt, "I don't like this. We may all be slaughtered right here in this house."

"No," said Banning. "You are pretty safe here for the present."

Muriel's light step on the flags turned his speech to—"Nothing like a tropical moonlight, is there?"

"Oh, it's a perfectly delicious night," she said, looking about the patio, "and it's a dear place in here. But the servants—I've been ringing and ringing, but nobody comes."

"Oh, they get that way sometimes," said Banning, "and it's no good blowing 'em up. I'll go and see what's the matter."

In the kitchen Banning learned something—all the Yaqui moon had left the house. There was no remaining servant save an old woman and the guard he had stationed at the door. These were not of the revolting tribe, nor had they any sympathy with them.

He slipped around to the door and ran up the canyon, splashing through the mud, reckless of his white duck suit, across the little stream and on up the trail to the old tunnel. Into the dark opening he groped, hastily lighting matches as he went. At the second stop he paused, leaning breathless against the wall and staring at an open packing case.

"They've found the cache and got the rifles—every last one of them! And all the cartridges. No, they've left some," he added, bitterly, as he stooped and picked up two glittering brass capsules in the light of his flickering match. "Who told them where the cache was? Oh, I might have known! Well, this is hell!"

And then he thought of his deserted guests and bolted back down the trail. But nearing